

Newport Mercury

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The Mercury.

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the Post Office at Newport, R. I.,
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Established June, 1873, and is now in
its one hundred and thirty-third year. It
is the oldest newspaper in the United States,
and with less than half a dozen exceptions,
the oldest printed in the English language.
It is a large quarto weekly of
fourty-eight columns filled with interesting
reading—editorial, state, local and
general news, well selected miscellany
and valuable farm and household de-
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Local Matters.

CITY MANAGER PLAN

There was a large attendance at
the City Hall on Wednesday evening
to hear Dr. A. R. Hutton of the Western
Reserve University of Cleveland
deliver an address on the City Man-
ager form of government for munici-
palities. Many of the summer resi-
dents were present, as well as a rep-
resentative gathering of citizens gen-
erally. The lecture was under the
direction of the Chamber of Com-
merce, and Alderman J. Joseph M.
Martin, chairman of the Forum com-
mittee of the Chamber, presided.

Dr. Hutton gave a very interesting
talk on the different forms of govern-
ment of American cities, but did not
think very highly of the Newport plan,
as he regarded it as impractical. He
compared the per capita cost of gov-
ernment of Newport with that of
many other cities and found it very
high. He spoke of the old-fashioned
Mayor and Council form, the Commis-
sion form and the City Manager form.
The last named is now in effect in
about two hundred cities, and seems
to be working well. He believed that
a manager for a city the size of New-
port could be secured for from \$3000
to \$5000 a year. Legislative action
would be necessary before any change
in the form of government could be
made. A city manager would have
oversight of all departments and he
thought that the running expenses of
the city might be reduced 25 per cent.
Dr. Hutton was asked a number of
questions, to which he replied as
fully as possible. He did not believe
that graft permeated the city gov-
ernments of American cities as much
as inefficiency, which was the cause of
so much waste. He regarded the Man-
ager plan as not perfect, but the near-
est thing that had yet been devel-
oped for city government.

Monday was an ideal day for a hol-
iday, cool enough for comfort after
some scorching hot days. In conse-
quence there was an immense crowd
of visitors in the city over the three
days. Saturday was about the hot-
test day of the season, and Sunday
was pretty warm, although cooled off
to some extent by the severe electrical
storms that visited many parts of
New England. Newport escaped these
disturbances as usual. There was a
gentle rainfall Tuesday night which
moistened the ground a little but
more rain is needed to restore the
vegetation which is getting dried up.
The ponds are getting rather low
also.

One of the destroyers in the har-
bor had a peculiar experience with
an experimental torpedo this week.
The torpedo was fired and proceeded
beautifully for a short distance, when
it suddenly turned, made a dive and
passed directly under the vessel from
which it was fired. There was a short
period of consternation on board the
ship, as much damage would have
been done if the torpedo had struck.
Of course, it was not carrying a war
load, but it was travelling at 30 miles
an hour and was heavily charged with
compressed air.

Mrs. Luther Kountze has purchased
the De Lancy Kane estate
at Narragansett avenue and Spring
street. The purchase price being
\$23,500. The property is taxed for
\$13,500. Mrs. Kountze is a well known
member of the summer colony, and
has been spending the present sum-
mer in Newport with her daughter,
Mrs. Williams P. Burden.

GOING TO HARTFORD

According to present indications
a large number of members of Kolah
Grotto will make the trip to Hart-
ford next Friday to take part in
the third annual field day and outing
of the New England Grottoes. While
the returns are not yet complete it
is expected that some 200 members of
the local organization will attend,
including the Band, Drum Corps and
Patrol. The trip will be made in au-
tomobiles belonging to different mem-
bers and it is thought that all can
be accommodated in this way.

Kolah Grotto will compete for two
of the prizes that have been offered.
One prize is for the best appearing
Grotto in the parade on Saturday
morning, and for this Kolah will
probably be a strong contender. The
showy new uniforms for the Band,
Drum Corps and Patrol are expected
early next week, and these alone
should make a striking display, while
it is planned to have the other mem-
bers of the Grotto strikingly con-
sumed. The stalwart mascot, "Billy,"
which made such a pronounced hit in
Fall River last spring, will be taken
along and is expected to score another
success.

The other contest in which Kolah
will enter is the competitive drill for
Grotto Patrols which will be held in
connection with the field day Saturday
afternoon. Patrol Leader William
Knowe has been busy with his men
for several weeks and they have at-
tained a considerable proficiency
which should make them contestants
to be feared. In addition to their
uniforms they will be equipped with
the regulation Grotto scimeters.

The local members will leave New-
port next Friday morning and will
arrive in Hartford well in advance
of the time for the evening festivi-
ties. A truck will accompany the
party to carry the heavy hand in-
struments and uniform cases as well
as the mascot.

KILLED BY AUTOMOBILE

John J. Healy, an employee of the
street cleaning branch of the highway
department was fatally injured by an
automobile at Bellevue avenue and
Webster street on Tuesday. He was
taken to the Newport Hospital in the
car that struck him, but failed to
rally from his injuries and died in a
short time. The police are investigat-
ing the circumstances of the accident.

Healy was working with the street
cleaning gang on the Avenue when
David K. Armstrong came along in
his automobile. He says that he was
proceeding slowly and sounded his
horn, but the man either did not hear
it or became confused, for the car
struck and knocked him down. The
driver quickly picked him up and
accompanied by Street Commissioner
Sullivan, who was near by, carried
him to the Newport Hospital.

Healy was well known in this city,
and is survived by a widow and sev-
eral grown children. He was a rela-
tive of Dr. John L. Healy. The driver
of the automobile is a grandson of
Mrs. David King and a son of Mrs. E.
Maitland Armstrong.

STATION WAGES CUT

Despatches from Washington state
that Secretary of the Navy Denby
has approved the recommendations
of the navy wage board for a drastic
cut in wages of civilian employees at
Navy Yards throughout the country.
This cut affects the men at the Tor-
pedo Station here, including all class-
es—skilled workers, laborers, foremen
and clerks. It is also stated that
the five day week will be continued for
some time longer, which makes a
serious cut in the weekly wages of
all the navy employees. Following
the reduction and suspension of bon-
us of some weeks ago, many of the
men are feeling decidedly blue over
the prospect. It is hinted on the
street, entirely unofficially, that there
may be a further reduction in the
number of men employed before
spring.

The annual inspection and recep-
tion at the Army and Navy Y. M. C.
A. was held on Friday afternoon and
evening with a large number of vis-
itors in attendance. Among the
speakers in the evening were Rear
Admiral William S. Sims, Major
General Clarence R. Edwards and
Congressman Clark Burdick. Music
was furnished by orchestras from the
Army and from the Navy.

Privates Charles Tackett and James
Petanand of the Coast Artillery at-
tached to Fort Wetherill, are miss-
ing and are supposed to have been
drowned in the lower Bay. Last Sat-
urday evening they went out in a row
boat in the channel near the fort and
some time afterward the boat was
found overturned on the Jamestown
shore. No trace of the occupants of
the boat has been discovered.

SECRETARY DAVIS COMING

Next Sunday will be a big day for
the Rhode Island members of the
Loyal Order of Moose, when a big
demonstration will be made in honor
of Hon. James J. Davis, Secretary of
Labor in President Harding's Cab-
inet. The programme for the day will
include a street parade to the Beach,
a public meeting there with address-
ing, a big dinner, and a class initiation
in the dance hall. Committees have
been busy for some months and now
have the details well in hand. A
large number of visiting members of
the Order are expected to come from
all parts of Rhode Island as well as
other sections of New England.

The members of Lands End Lodge
of this city and the visiting brothers
will assemble at the lodge room on
Thames street and promptly at noon
the parade for the Beach will start,
moving along Thames and Pelham
streets, Bellevue avenue and Bath
Road to the Beach. A large reception
committee has been appointed, headed
by Dictator Frederick A. C. Stuart,
and all visitors will be made to feel
very much at home.

Congressman Clark Burdick will be
chairman of the open meeting, and
the address of welcome will be deliv-
ered by Mayor Jeremiah P. Mahoney,
who will introduce the orator of the
day, Secretary James J. Davis. Fol-
lowing the addresses dinner will be
served in the large restaurant, for
which a large number of tickets have
been disposed of. Then will come the
initiation ceremonies in the dance
hall, for which candidates have been
assembled from all parts of the State.
William J. Hug will be Chief-Mar-
shal of the parade and will have a
number of aides. The line is expected
to be a long one and there will be
three bands of music.

BATTLESHIP FLEET HERE

Five battleships of the Atlantic fleet
under the command of Admiral Hilar-
y P. Jones, arrived in Newport harbor
early Wednesday morning and will
remain here until next week. The
battleships comprise the Florida, Ari-
zona, Wyoming, Delaware, and North
Dakota. A small vessel is serving
temporarily as flagship to the Ad-
miral.

The presence of the men is already
noticeable in town, and for the coming
week-end there will undoubtedly be a
large number of officers and men
ashore. The steamboat companies on
the Bay are advertising the presence
of the fleet here to attract passengers
and each steamer is bringing down a
large number of persons each day to
see the fleet.

It has been some time since so
many large ships were in the harbor
at one time, but this does not equal
the exhibitions of a few years ago
when the whole Atlantic fleet based
on Narragansett Bay during the sum-
mer. The fleet has now been greatly
reduced in numbers, the largest and
newest vessels being sent to the Pa-
cific coast.

The fleet is expected to return to the
Bay in October for further practice
and drills in connection with the work
at the War College.

PECKHAM-GIFFORD

The marriage of Miss Ruth Daven-
port Gifford, daughter of Mr. and
Mrs. Hugh N. Gifford, and Mr. Earle
King Peckham, son of Mr. and Mrs.
Charles E. Peckham, occurred at
Emmanuel Church on Saturday af-
ternoon of last week and was a very
quiet affair, only the immediate
families of the high contracting par-
ties being present. The ceremony
was performed by Rev. Charles W.
Forster, rector of the church. The
bride wore a travelling gown of navy
blue with hat of taffeta of the same
color. There were no attendants.
Immediately after the ceremony, Mr.
and Mrs. Peckham left on a wedding
trip. Upon their return they will re-
side at 25 Ayrault street.

Mr. and Mrs. Theophilus Topham
have returned to their home on Wes-
ley street after spending several
weeks at "Maplewood" in Jamestown.
Mr. Topham is considerably improved
in health.

Former Governor R. Livingston
Beckham has returned from Europe
and is spending a few days in New-
port.

Mr. and Mrs. Julius Burdick are
visiting Mr. and Mrs. Howland Bur-
dick at Rhode Island College at King-
ston.

Members of the Union Congrega-
tional Church are making efforts to
raise funds to build a parsonage.

Mr. William S. Pitman of Baltimore
is visiting his brother, Mr. Edward B.
Pitman, in this city.

GEORGE P. LAWTON

Mr. George Parker Lawton, one of
the oldest and best known of Newport
business men, died at his home on
Bull street on Tuesday evening after
a long illness. He was in his eighty-
third year, and for several years had
been in poor health. He retired from
active business several years ago.

Mr. Lawton had long been promi-
nent in the city. He was for many
years the proprietor of one of the
largest livery stables in the city, and
was frequently called upon to take
charge of the carriage arrangements
for all large public functions and pa-
rades. He frequently served on citi-
zens committees for various local
activities. He was a man of strong
personality, fearless and outspoken in
his opinions, and was a powerful in-
fluence in the community. His office on
Touro street was a favorite gathering
place for many years for a number
of the leaders in local affairs, most
of whom have long since passed to their
final resting place.

At the outbreak of the Civil War,
Mr. Lawton enlisted in Company F of
the First Rhode Island Volunteers,
this being the Newport company of
that regiment. He was a member of
Lawton-Warren Post, G. A. R., and of
the Company F Association, having
served as president of the latter or-
ganization.

After the close of the Civil War,
Mr. Lawton purchased the Stone
Bridge House in Tiverton and con-
ducted that hotel for a number of years.
In 1875 he opened a livery stable on
Marlboro street and from the first
was very successful. As his business
grew, he removed to Spring street at
the corner of Touro, where larger ac-
commodations were available. His
son, Mr. Henry Lawton, was associ-
ated in business with him. Some six
years ago he sold out the Spring
street business to Mr. Thomas Curtis
and carried on his business on Marl-
boro street until failing health com-
pelled him to retire.

Mr. Lawton was long a member of
the Masonic fraternity, having been
admitted to St. John's Lodge in 1865,
and being one of its oldest members.
He was also a member of Newport
Chapter, No. 2, R. A. M., of DeBlois
Council, No. 5, R. & S. M., and of
Washington Commandery, No. 4, K. T.

He is survived by one son, Mr.
Henry Lawton, and one daughter,
Miss Grace Lawton. His first wife
died many years ago and he after-
ward married a sister of the late
George A. Weaver, and Mrs. Lawton
died within a few weeks.

Funeral services were held on Fri-
day afternoon and the remains were
escorted from the residence to the
grave by St. John's Lodge of Masons.

MISS SARAH L. CURRIN

Miss Sarah L. Currin, for many
years a teacher in the public schools
of Newport, died at her home on
Perry street on Wednesday after a
long illness. She had been connected
with the Newport schools for about
thirty-five years, and was regarded as
an able and conscientious teacher.

She was stricken with a serious ill-
ness a few months ago and was
obliged to take a leave of absence
from her school duties, but had hoped
to resume them when the schools
opened in the fall. A few days ago
her condition took a sudden change
for the worse and it was realized that
her condition was critical. Her death
brought sorrow to a wide circle of
friends and former pupils.

BOARD OF ALDERMEN

The monthly meeting of the board
of aldermen was held on Tuesday
evening, when bills were approved
and routine business transacted.

At the weekly meeting on Thurs-
day evening, an auto hackney license
was suspended pending trial of the
charges that have been made against
the operator. Senator Max Levy
spoke in favor of postponing action
until after the case has been tried,
but the members followed their policy
of suspension pending trial.

The opening of the fall season was
well illustrated by the large num-
ber of dance licenses that were
granted. Much routine business was
disposed of.

A large part of the summer force
of the Newport Street Railway has
been laid off, following the close of
the rush season, and the line will soon
go on to the regular winter schedule.

Misses Almira B. and Valina M.
Coffin have returned from a prolonged
trip to the Far West where they spent
a considerable part of their summer
vacation.

Chairman Beckhout and the New-
port Beach Commission made a visit
of inspection to Fort Phoenix Beach
near New Bedford on Wednesday.

SCHOOLS OPEN MONDAY

The Newport public schools will re-
open on Monday next after the long
summer vacation. Several changes
have been made in the teaching staff
this year, a meeting of the school
committee having been held late last
week at which the following recom-
mendations of the committee on teach-
ers were adopted:

First—That the resignation of Lil-
lian M. Guilow, teacher of French in
the Rogers be accepted with regret.

Second—That the resignation of
Sarah L. Currin, after a continuous
service of 35 years in grade I, and of
Anna E. Brice, after a service of 40
years in grades I and VIII, be ac-
cepted. The committee on teachers
wish to call the attention of the Board
to these long terms of service, and
recommended a vote of thanks for
the same.

Third—That Mildred Louise Mott,
Brown University, Ph. B., 1913, teach-
er in Virginia, New York and Massa-
chusetts, be elected to the Rogers at
\$1600.

Fourth—That Miss Taylor, prin-
cipal of Calvert and Cranston, be as-
signed to grade VIII, Calvert, instead
of VII, as at present, and that Hen-
rietta H. Kane be left in charge of VII.

Fifth—That Katherine A. Kelley,
Rogers High School, 1912, Normal,
January, 1918, formerly teacher in
Cranston, and now assistant in Potter,
be elected to Calvert VIII at \$1380.

Sixth—That Frances H. Peckham
be transferred from the overflow room
in Coggeshall to Lenthall I.

Seventh—That Catherine E. Ledy,
Rogers High School, 1913, Normal,
January, 1918, formerly teacher in
Jamestown, and now assistant in Len-
thall, be elected to the overflow room
in Coggeshall at \$1380, subject to
transfer to a full-grade room when-
ever a vacancy occurs.

Eighth—That Jessie M. Cowles, be-
cause of illness, be given leave of
absence for three months, without pay.

Ninth—That James H. Williamson,
Rogers High School, 1913, Rhode Isl-
and State College, 1917, United States
service to France and Santo Domingo,
1917-1921, be elected to the Town-
send, at \$1500.

PORTSMOUTH.

(From our regular correspondent)

Maxine Burden Killed by Truck
Miss Maxine Burden, ten years of
age, youngest daughter of Mr. and
Mrs. Joseph P. Burden, Jr., was ac-
cidentally killed in front of her home
last Saturday. She was riding with
friends in their automobile and upon
stopping at her home she jumped
from the machine and ran back of it,
directly in front of a Geo. truck be-
longing to the Lindoville Creamery
Association, which struck her and
threw her to one side, fracturing her
skull. The driver of the truck tried
to stop his machine, and upon apply-
ing the brakes he dragged his wheels
102 feet before stopping. The little
girl was killed instantly.

The funeral was held on Monday at
11 o'clock at her home, with only
relatives present. The services were
conducted by Rev. Joseph Ackley,
pastor of the Methodist Episcopal
Church. The interment was in the
Portsmouth Cemetery. She is sur-
vived by her parents, four brothers
and four sisters—Maurice, Joseph,
Ernest and Albert Burden, and Mrs.
Ada Malone, Viola and Lettie May
Burden and Mrs. Beulah Kreider.

Miss Alice N. Brayton, who has
been employed by the Newport
County Electric Company in their
office for the past six years, has re-
signed her position there. She was
presented with a beautiful basket of
roses by her fellow-employees and
was given a dinner party at the
Perry House. At the conclusion of
the dinner the party went to the
Colonial Theatre, where they had a
box.

Misses Maude and Charlotte Ran-
lett, who have been visiting their
aunt, Mrs. Minnie T. Steele have re-
turned to their home in Haverhill,
Mass.

Miss Kate L. Durfee returned to
her home, after spending the week
with Mr. and Mrs. Horace E. Reming-
ton of Providence.

A party of Blue Bird Troop of Girl
Scouts with their captain, Miss Ger-
trude Macomber, have been camping
out at "White Cap Cottage," near the
Seacomet River. All their cooking
was done on the shore and they slept
out of doors each night.

Mrs. Charles L. Sewall and family
have had a week-end and holiday
guests, Mr. Charles L. Sewall, Mr.
and Mrs. Mahoney, the Misses Kath-
erine and Helen Hannon, all of
Springfield, Mass., and Miss Ann Has-
son of North Hampton.

Mr. and Mrs. George Wyatt have
had as guests Mr. and Mrs. Pardon T.
Gardner of Seakonk, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Thomas have
had as guests Mr. and Mrs. Percy
Beardsley of East Providence.

Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Coggeshall
and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Turner,
who have been on a motor trip, which
included the Mohawk Trail, have re-
turned to their homes.

Mr. and Mrs. William Lawrence
and family spent the week-end and
holiday in New Hampshire.

The Epworth League met on
Tuesday evening with Mr. and Mrs.
Robert Chappell. The usual amount
of business was transacted and a
social time was enjoyed. The hostess
served refreshments.

There was a forty-minute delay in
the Newport County Electric car
service on Sunday, due to the draw at
Stone Bridge, which refused to work
properly.

MIDDLETOWN

(From our regular correspondent)

Ladies' Night

The Men's Club of St. Mary's and
Holy Cross parish gave a ladies' night
at the Holy Cross Guild House on
Tuesday evening, which was well at-
tended. The committee in charge was
Messrs. G. Alvin Simmons, J. Edward
Wilson, and John Spooner, Jr. A mu-
sical program had been arranged and
was given. Mr. Osborne Bacon of
Bristol gave two negro dialect songs,
accompanying himself on the piano.
Mr. William Shepley sang plantation
hullabys, accompanied by Miss Hope
Peckham, and Mr. William Thurston,
3rd, sang several popular selections.
Mr. Bacon gave a parody on the River-
Shannon, which was followed by com-
munity singing. Mrs. Gilbert Elliott
played for the college songs and Mrs.
G. Alvin Simmons for the popular
selections. The committee served re-
freshments of ice cream, cake and
fruit punch. General dancing fol-
lowed.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert M. Pike, Jr.,
and Mr. Robert Pike, Sr., gave a
clambake at their home to a party of
17 relatives and friends on Labor
Day.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred P. Webber and
Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. Smith, who
have been visiting Mrs. Webber's
brother, Mr. Howard Hall of Pine Or-
chard, Conn., returned to their homes
by automobile on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Chase gave a
clambake at Sachuest Point on Labor
Day for their children and grandchil-
dren. There were 44 in the party.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Marion Peckham
have as guests Mrs. Peckham's sister,
Mrs. Macdougald Haman of New
York.

Work was begun on Tuesday for
the new schoolroom at the Berkeley
Schoolhouse. The cellar is being dug.

Mrs. Phoebe Edmundson and her
children, who have been visiting
relatives in Port Chester, N. Y., have
returned to their home.

Miss Mary E. Manchester, who has
been spending her vacation at Plas-
cow, N. H., has returned to her home
and will resume her duties as assist-
ant to the town clerk.

Mrs. Benjamin Howland, who has
been spending several weeks with Mr.
and Mrs. Rostom S. Peckham, has re-
turned to her home in Boston.

Miss Elizabeth Anthony, who has
been spending part of her vacation
with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John
Anthony, has returned to Montclair,
N. J., where she is a teacher in the
public schools.

Miss Mary Irish, who has been ill
for the past three weeks, at the home
of her brother, Mr. George Irish, has
gone to the Newport Hospital for
treatment.

The Colonel William Horton Chap-
ter, Daughters of American Revolu-
tion, held a special meeting recently
for the purpose of electing officers.
The Chapter has purchased a Chapter
House with land adjoining in Ports-
mouth recently, and in order to hold
the property had to become incorpo-
rated. The officers were re-elected as
follows:

Regent—Mrs. Albert Hall.
Vice Regent—Mrs. Philip S. Wilbor.
Treasurer—Mrs. George Thurston.
Secretary—Miss Evelyn Chase.
Registrar—Miss Helen M. Cogges-
hall.
Historian—Mrs. Leland Borden.

Miss Eva Corey, younger daughter
of Mr. and Mrs. Irving A. Corey, has
gone to New Bedford, Mass., where
she will take a three years' course of
training as a nurse in St. Luke's
Hospital.

Miss Winifred Mulligan, youngest
daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William J.
Mulligan, has gone to New York,
where she will enter the Roosevelt
Hospital for training as a nurse. She
was given a shower recently by the
Bacon Bat Crowd at one of their out-
ings at Third Beach. After the "ests"
she was presented with a bundle. Upon
opening it, it was found to contain
numerous smaller packages of useful
and beautiful gifts.

Mr. and Mrs. John R. Austin and
son, Master Robert W. Austin, have
gone to Cliff Island, Maine.

The Ladies' Birthday Circle was en-
tertained recently by Mrs. Helen De-
Blois in honor of the birthday of Mrs.
Henry I. Chase.

Miss Mary Mulligan has gone to
Hope Valley, where she has accepted
a position as school teacher in the
Junior High School. Last year she
taught in the grammar grades.

Mr. James H. Barker, who has
been in failing health the past year,
has been so badly affected by the se-
vere heat the past week that his con-
dition is regarded as very serious.

Miss Kate Bailey has had as guests
Mrs. Howard Bailey and Mrs. Will-
iam Bailey of New Bedford.

Three young women were given a
bad fright at Third Beach on Sun-
day morning. They were wading in
the creek and walked off the end
where there is a sudden drop into
deep water. Some young men saw
their struggles and rescued them. The
young ladies did not know of the sud-
den drop at the end of the creek.

Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Leonard have
had as guests Mrs. Leonard's sister,
Miss Fanny Titcomb, and her brother,
Mr. Louis Titcomb and Mrs. Titcomb
of Providence.

Mr. Thomas Lewis of Toledo, Ohio,
has joined his wife and family, who
have been spending the summer with
Mrs. Lewis' aunt, Mrs. Nathan Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. William T. Peckham
have had as guests Mr. and Mrs.
Charles Schwartz of Providence and
Mr. and Mrs. Harold Schwartz and
daughter of North Anson, Maine.

The MYSTERY OF THE SILVER DAGGER

BY RANDALL PARRISH

AUTHOR OF "THE STRANGE CASE OF CAVENDISH"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. WEIL

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CHAPTER X

The Proof of Murder—The Back Room of Costigan's

I watched her through the glass doors until she vanished among the crowd in the lobby. I could not permit her to go away like this; to get beyond my sight and knowledge—yet I hesitated too long, until she had merged into the swirling crowd and was lost.

It was indeed a strange feeling of loneliness which swept over me in that moment. Never before had I felt such depth of interest in a woman, or experienced such regret at parting. With no apparent effort, seemingly utterly indifferent, she had nevertheless become entwined with my life, her presence a necessity for my happiness. The soft pressure of her body, the touch of her hand, was intoxicating; the glance of her eyes sent the warm blood pulsing through my veins. She had become to me an inspiration, a memory to dream over, a hope no longer to be resisted.

This was strange, so strange as to be beyond understanding. I argued it with myself, but to no result. The fact would not be denied. Here was an unknown woman, original and beautiful, to be sure, yet one whose very identity was shrouded in mystery. To all appearances she was actively engaged in conspiracy against the government of Chile, in a crime against human life. She was unquestionably the authorized agent of a gang of revolutionary plotters—I had witnessed their reception of her as one of their own, and could not doubt the evidence of my own eyes. She had borne them instructions, and stood in their midst, in secret conclave, speaking as one having authority. More than that, even, she had refused to deny this connection, to reveal her name, or acknowledge any other purpose. She had used me to further her ends, whatever they might be, preying upon my personal interest in her, and yet refusing to lift a single fold of this curtain of mystery.

What could it mean, but that she was secretly ashamed to permit of my full understanding? The thought of the stolen money, the murder of Alva, recurred to me; the invitation I had overheard for her to accompany him on his fatal trip, and her acceptance; the positive assertion of Harris that she had done so; her confessed knowledge that the money had actually been given into the possession of the Chilean captain; the nature of the weapon with which he had been killed; her remaining in New York instead of returning to Washington. I could not blot these things out, no matter how hard I endeavored to reconcile them with her denials. I trusted her; I would continue to trust her against the world, yet deep down in my heart lingered a question unanswered. If she was honest, square, actuated by some worthy purpose, why did she still refuse to confide in me? Surely I had been sufficiently tested—and she knew who I was. If she was the sister of a classmate whom I knew and loved, what necessity remained for the concealment of her name? What, indeed, except shame at the part she was playing in this sordid drama of life? Some of my earlier suspicion had been eradicated, for now it was clearly demonstrated that it could not have been her knife which had pierced Alva's heart. Whatever else I might believe against her, this evidence no longer existed, for she still wore the dagger in her hat. Peculiar as the design was, the weapon locked in my valise, which I had picked up blood-stained on the floor of the car, was not hers; it had been wielded in its deadly work by some other hand. But whose? Did she know? Did she even suspect the assassin? Was she even now endeavoring to conceal his identity? These questions were unanswerable; I could only partially drive them back by memory of the girl herself: it was

impossible to recall her vividly to mind, and yet associate her with so real a crime.

I was still immersed in such thoughts, mentally struggling for her honor, and my own justification, when I finally attained the quiet of my room. I was squarely up against a stone wall; there was no light perceptible anywhere. Neither Harris nor Waldron was guilty of this crime; they were obliterated from further consideration. These two worthies had undoubtedly done their best, but had been outgeneraled by some one else; and, whoever that other might be, he had made a clear get-away, leaving not even a lurking suspicion behind him. It was the job of a master-thief, an expert in crime—or else had been accomplished through the blind luck of some one whose very identity cloaked any possibility of suspicion.

My glance wandering about the room aimlessly fell upon the valise in one corner. It was just where I remembered leaving it when I went out, yet I saw something which surely resembled a slash in the leather. I crossed over, and bent down; it was a slash, the clean cut of a knife, running from end to end, penetrating through both leather and cloth. Whoever had done the deed had been unable to operate the lock, and had used the blade as a last resort, splitting the entire bag wide open. I inserted my hand and felt within; nothing seemed missing, or greatly disturbed. I explored to the bottom, and then sprang to my feet in startled amazement—the dagger I had concluded there was gone!

Good God! what could be the meaning of this? She had worn that ornament in her hat openly, purposely, to fool me into believing her innocent. There could be no other explanation. She had confessed being at the hotel, seeking to locate me, and the number of my room. What would prevent her coming up here unobserved, then, while I was out, and gaining entrance? And who else would have any reason to thus search through my things, and abstract this important evidence of crime?

Yet how did she know I had it? How did she even suspect I was the first to discover the dead body, and hear away with me the tell-tale weapon, with which Alva had been murdered? I had no means of knowing how—only she alone had special reason to regain possession of that knife. And she had even dared later to flaunt it in my very face, to show it to me in her possession, just as though it had never passed out of her hands! Here was revealed a depth of duplicity, a criminal audacity, not to be expressed in words; this soft spoken girl, this woman to whom I knew I had given my heart, stood revealed now in all her hideousness—a murderer, a thief, a scheming criminal, coolly concealing the trail of her crime, and using her very charms of face and manner to conceal from me her true nature.

Perhaps she would see me again—perhaps! The lie was yet warm upon her lips. She had gone away laughing at the simpleton who had believed her, the dupe who had so easily been deceived by her smiles. The chances were she had disappeared already, vanished, left the city, assured that no evidence now remained behind to ever connect her with this terrible affair. She cared nothing for me—I had been a mere tool, plant in her hand—I remained merely in her memory as something to laugh about, another victim, a blind, groping fool, with whom she had played to her heart's desire.

I sat with my head in my hands staring at the mutilated bag, racked with anger and misery. I had been easy, a mark of derision and ridicule; a mere screen for her to hide behind, while her accomplice, if she had one, escaped with the spoils. Then the reaction came; the thought that perhaps I had not read the story wholly aright; the faint hope that it might not prove exactly as I had pictured in my first wild burst of passion. It was too infamous, too unthinkable. Why, if she was guilty, should she have remained in New York? Why should she have sought me out, or listened so intently to the quarrel of those two men at Peron's? What could she possibly gain by thus overhearing the tale of their failure, if she already knew who was the murderer of Alva, and what had become of the spoils?

I could ask these questions, but not one was answerable. They merely mocked me with their emptiness.

Then, shrill and insistent, the telephone rang.

"My heart was beating like a trip-hammer as I took down the receiver. Who could be calling me at this hour? Who except she alone in this city knew my name and hotel?"

"Hello."

A man's voice spoke huskily. "This is you, Daly?"

"Yes," hastily, instantly aware of who was on the other end of the wire, yet feeling it best to dissemble until I learned the purpose.

"Who is speaking?"

"The fellow you bluffed with a bottle tonight. No, I ain't got no hard feel-

ings. Besides, I got something else to think about than a cracked dome. Say, I got some dope on how that job was did, an' maybe could tell you something else of interest. I got to talk with you privately—that's what. It's a matter for the girl as well as yourself. I'm playing square as long as you do the right thing, but I know who the dame is, an' am liable to squeal if I get a raw deal; that's putting it straight, Harry."

"You know who she is, you say?"

"Sure I do. Old Pierre, over at Peron's, told me. He never forgets a face, or a name, that old duffer. He knew you the minute you blew in, and he knew her, too; she'd been there before slumming."

"Who is she, then?"

"That's all right—I know; but I ain't fool enough to blow it over the wire. If you'll come over here and have a talk, I'll spill a few things in your ear that'll make you wise."

"Where are you?"

"At Costigan's."

"What's become of your partner?"

"Who's that—Waldron? He ain't no partner of mine. Say, you must have handed that guy some jolt. The last I saw of him, he was laid out on a bench in Peron's back room breathing like a stuck pig, dead to the world. Will you come over here?"

"What have you got to tell me?"

"Well, there's the dame's name for one thing. I'll bet you don't even



"I'll Bet You Don't Even Know Who She Is."

know who she is, or how she strings you. Then I'm on to where a part of that bottle's planted—anyhow I've got a hunch. If we turn it up, I'm still strong on the fifty-fifty proposition."

I turned it over swiftly in my mind, the revolver still at my ear. I felt no particular fear of Harris; to be sure, in all probability, he was only feeling about in the dark, hoping in this way to learn something of value, yet it might be that he had accidentally uncovered the girl's identity, and that alone was inducement enough to urge me to take the risk. If he actually knew who she was, he was the kind that might become ugly, and however much I suspected her in my own mind, I had no desire to leave her undefended at his mercy. Guilty or not guilty, my inclination was to protect her to the last. Besides I was eager to obtain the information he claimed to possess; indeed, all progress on the case was blocked until I did obtain it. As to his boast that he knew where the stolen money was concealed, I took little stock in that. Doubtless he merely threw that in for good measure. But the other looked reasonably enough; she had confessed being at Peron's before; Pierre was fully as likely to recall her to memory as he was to remember Daly, and Harris could never have made so shrewd a guess, unless he had really been told the facts. Another thing gave me courage to go to Costigan's. I was still accepted by these people as Harry Daly, crook. I would undoubtedly be so received, so treated. Under these circumstances there could be no personal danger; I held the whip-hand, the advantage—Harris was only endeavoring to see what he could get out of me; he had abandoned force to resort to diplomacy.

"All right," I said. "I'll run over there; if you want to play fair, I'll meet you half way."

"Oh, I'm on the square, old man, and I've got some good dope," he insisted. "I'll blow it when you show up."

I returned the receiver to the hook, uncertain whether or not I had decided rightly, yet determined to carry out the experiment. Above all else I wanted to learn who Marie Gessler was. Nothing else mattered so much, for on this discovery all else hinged. If violence, or treachery, was intended, I would be found prepared, and well able to defend myself.

The neighborhood into which I was venturing induced me to take a taxi, and, within ten minutes, I was deposited at the door of the saloon. I pressed open the swinging door, and stepped into the brilliantly lighted bar-room.

Costigan was behind the bar, but at sight of me, rounded the end, and shook hands cordially, removing his apron, and slipping into a coat, in token that he had changed his occupation.

"Better call Charlie," he said to a man beside him, "for I'll be off for an hour or so. You came to see George?"

"Yes," he telephoned me.

"Said he was goin' to. He's waitin' in the office there. I'll go along with you."

He pushed a passage through the crowd, his breath of body according to ample room in which to follow without being obstructed, and opened the closed door with a pass-key. To a wave of his big hand I passed confidently past him, and entered. The

next instant he had pressed me forward, came in also, and closed the door; the sharp click of the lock sounded like the report of a pistol. One startled glance at the interior told me I was trapped, and the swift instinct of defense led me to step aside, so that I should have my back to the wall. Harris sat in the swivel chair, with feet elevated on the desk, sardonically grinning at me over a half-chewed cigar tilted between his teeth. A white rag was bound round his head, through which a few drops of blood had oozed, leaving a dark stain. Leaning against the wall opposite was Waldron, one eye half-closed, and his lip split, giving to his face a look of savage brutality, rendered peculiarly sinister by a grim effort to smile. Costigan remained motionless, with back against the door, as though thus barring all possibility of escape. I had walked into their trap, and the jaws had closed.

The grin on Harris' face maddened me. "Well," I said coldly, "it was a stall, was it? What is the idea?"

He laughed, without changing his attitude.

"This happens to be our turn to play, Daly," he returned, apparently well satisfied with his smartness.

"Then you have nothing to tell me?"

"Oh, yes, I have; I've got a h—l of a lot to tell you. But first of all you are going to tell me a few things. Push back your right sleeve to the elbow, shirt and all."

"What's that for?"

"Never you mind what it's for; you do what I say, if you know what is best for yourself."

I looked at the faces of the others, but they were hard as flint. My hesitancy caused Harris to lower his feet, and sit up angrily.

"Push up that sleeve, you, or I'll have Waldron do it for you. We've got you foul, you fool!"

I stripped back my sleeve, exposing my right forearm, yet never removing my eyes from their faces. Harris and Costigan bent forward, intent on the operation, but Waldron never shifted his position. Harris slapped a hand on the desk, and gave utterance to an oath.

"By G—d, Dan, we're right. This bird's not Daly!"

"Not in a thousand years he ain't. He's sure a dead-finger, though."

Harris straightened up, the same hateful grin still exposing his teeth.

"We've got your number this time, son," he announced. "Harry Daly has a tattooed anchor on his right arm. I didn't know it, but Dan did. I'll tell you what made us wise. In the shindig over at Peron's tonight, a card-case was jarred loose from your pocket. There was only one kind of card inside, and that wasn't Daly by a d—n sight. I told Dan about it, and he was for getting a squint at that right arm. Said for me to call you up at the number you gave me, believing that if I threw in 'con' enough you'd come over here. Tasked for 'Q 145,' the operator there named yer, and it was the same name what was on them cards. So now we know yer're a dirty liar and spy, Mister Philip Severn."

"You called me Daly yourself, Harris," I said quietly, realizing the game was up, but not yet sure of their intentions. "I merely let it go."

"Sure; but what was the game? You ain't no fly-cop?"

"Nothing of the kind."

"Then you was after the dough."

That's what I thought; you and the girl are in cahoots. Well, what did you do with it?"

I shook my head, but this only angered Costigan.

"Ah, stow that," he broke in roughly, "we know you never got it, but she did. There ain't no other way it could have been done. The dame left with Alva. George here saw her go out with him. Then the next morning the guy was found dead, his pockets rifled, and the bag of cash gone. How was he croaked—do you know? Punctured from behind with some sort of sharp instrument, no bigger than a hat-pin. It looked like a woman's job, but she got away clean. And what then? The next night she turns up with you over at Peron's blowing in the coin, and the two of yer havin' a h—l of a time. That proves yer were together, don't it?"

"We're not going to blow this to the police," broke in Harris, as Dan paused for breath. "That ain't the idea at all. But we want a share of that dough. You come across, and there won't be no more trouble."

"But suppose I don't? Suppose I tell you I haven't the slightest idea where that money is, or who got it? What then?"

Harris' grin was more malicious and hateful than ever, but he waited and deliberately lit his stump of a cigar.

"What then?" he echoed finally. "Well, in the first place, we've got you, haven't we? You'll squeal, believe me, before you ever get out of our hands. See here, Severn, I ain't got any direct proof that'll put you in the chair at Sing-Sing; that's true enough, but unless the two of you cough up lib'ral, I'll turn something over to the police of this town what'll give you a term in the jug, as accessory, and fix that fly dame of yours for all time."

"You are bluffing; you have no such proof."

"Oh, haven't I? Look here, you fool; do you know where I got that?"

He whipped something from out the concealment of an inner coat pocket, and flung it fully revealed onto the desk—an ornamental dagger, glittering in the light, which I as instantly recognized.

"Ever see that baby weapon before?"

"Yes," and I felt a sudden relief at the discovery. "You slashed open my valise, and found it."

"Exactly; that's what I did," evidently proud of himself. "It was an easy enough trick. Just as soon as I got eyes on this pretty plaything I knew I'd got the sticker that put Alva out of business—an' I knew where it come from."

"Where?"

"Oh, h—l! do you think I ain't got

any eyes? That alibi wore it in her hat when she and Alva went out together."

"Oh, did she? This same pin, was it? Say, Harris, I wish I could be as bright as you think you are. And did you happen to observe also that the lady's hat was held in place by exactly the same pin tonight when she was by Peron's? Well, it was; now how could it be in your pocket and in her hat at the same time?"

He stared at me, his mouth wide open, and I was equally amused at the expression upon the faces of the other two. I realized fully the peril I was in, and that these men would hesitate at nothing to obtain their end. Yet, in spite of all this, I was inexplicably happy. I spiked their big gun with a single blow; moreover, I had learned the truth about her, and my faith in her innocence came back in a flood. Harris had done too much boasting; he had ruined his own case. He had placed the very weapon in my grasp which I most desired to have—absolute assurance that the girl herself was innocent. The fellow felt, and realized, the change.

"That's easy," he sneered. "She bought herself another. That proves nothing, except that she is smart enough to play safe. Neither one of you can get away on that sort of dope."

"Perhaps not; but it clears her of the murder charge."

"Oh, does it? That remains to be seen. We know who she is, and that is more than you do. Oh, h—l, I got onto that over the wire; the only thing that interested you into coming here was to learn who the dame really was. That's part of her play, as I figure it. Severn, she won't give herself away, but is just using you. When she's good and ready she means to fade, an' she'll take the dough along with her. You will have sold out for a few cheap kisses, an' that's all." He laughed coarsely. "She is stringing you for a fool. Come now, wake up, before it is too late, an' let's all get a hand in the pot; what'd'ye say?"

"You still think I am that kind? One of your class?" I questioned, thoroughly angered by his sneering speech.

"One of my class? I should say not; you are the rawest kind of a mutt, but so far you've been in luck—that's all. Now your luck has changed, and yer up against it!"

"What do you want me to do?"

"Blow her; tell us all you know. We'll play the game for you, and divide square."

"You will let me out of here?"

"Sure, once you give us the right steer."

"And if I refuse?"

He laughed contemptuously. "You're not going to; you've got too d—n much sense. But just to satisfy

your curiosity I'll tell you. We've got the girl spotted; we can lay our hands on her in an hour; and, believe me, we've got the goods on the young lady. Here's the sticker that did the business, and I found it right where you had hidden it away. I can find three men—they are keeping out of sight, but I can stir them up—who'll swear that she went away alone with Alva from that factory over there; that he had the bag with him, and that the two got into the auto together. That makes one h—l of a straight case, don't it?"

"The way you put it—yes. But what good will it do you fellows to have her pinched? Where do you gain anything?"

"Time; it blocks the get-away with the swag. That's all we want. See here, Severn, we know where the stuff is planted; at least we've got an idea, but we've got to work slow and cautious in order to lift it. If it wasn't for that we wouldn't care if she slipped. If you'll help us to get quick action, we'll let the girl go, and give you a share. Take my word for it, that's a d—n sight more than you'll ever get by staying with her."

"But if she finds out that I have turned her down?"

"She won't never find it out; we'll keep mum. Besides, you're doin' her a good turn, keepin' her out of the electric chair. Well, there's the proposition—you can leave it, or take it."

Serious as the situation was, I could not fail to see its absurdity. This was no threat to frighten me; the fellows meant what they said, although I doubted if they really possessed the knowledge claimed so glibly. But they evidently meant to go on; they were not bluffing, for they really had an ugly case, and could undoubtedly make trouble. The evidence against the girl was strong, almost convincing; it even shook my own confidence in her innocence. The absurdity of the situation lay in my absolute ignorance. I knew even less than they pretended to know. What should I do? Pretend, manufacture some story? I had no faith it would work. These fellows were criminals, suspicious and unscrupulous; they would only believe what I could prove. If they caught me in a deliberate lie, as they probably would, that would instantly end everything. I might, then, just as well fight it out with them now as later. I set my teeth, ready for what I felt sure was coming.

"You fellows have sized me up wrong," I said quietly, but firmly. "I am not the kind to squeal because of a threat. You'll find I'll protect the lady, but I'll do it in my own way—not yours. The honest truth is, I haven't anything to tell. You won't believe that, but it is so. I know less than you claim to know. I have no knowledge of where the money is, or who got it. I do not know who killed Alva; even now I haven't any suspicions worth mentioning. But I will say this plainly—I do not believe this girl did it, or that she had any hand in the robbery. I am going to stay with her till h—l freezes over, if that is what you want to know. That's my answer, Harris, and it is all I've got to give you."

"You d—d curl! we'll show you something!"

"Perhaps you will; you are three to one, and on your own dunghill. But the man who touches me is going to get hurt; I'll promise you that. No, you don't, Costigan; that trick won't work!"

I tried to keep my eyes on the three of them, but his movement caused me to step back closer against the wall. I feared the Jew least; he had neither spoken nor moved since our entrance, and I felt he had no stomach for any further fighting. Yet I judged wrong. With one quick dash forward he gripped my wrist as I reached back for a revolver, and flung his bulky frame against me with such force as to have thrown me headlong but for the support of the wall. Before I could wrench myself free, the others closed in desperately, content to use their hands, unwilling, perhaps, to create any alarm with fire-arms. I was a better fighting man than any one of the three, but combined they had the advantage. I wrenched free from the Russian, and thus got one hand in action, yet that was all. I knew I planted one jolting blow straight against Costigan's round face which made him wince, and got a foot fair into Harris' stomach, sending him reeling backward. Indeed I staggered the two of them, twisting out of the grip of those iron fingers, and snatching a step forward in spite of every effort. I was maddened, frenzied, reckless of all injury, eager only to injure those devils in any conceivable way; hate seemed to endow me with supernatural strength, and a desire to kill swept me with passion. All before me was blood-red, and wild swam their faces, and I went straight for them like a wild beast. Then, suddenly, from behind, a blow descended on my head, crushing me to the floor. I went stumbling down as though struck with a pole-ax, and lay motionless. For the instant I must have retained a measure of consciousness. I knew where I was; I even attempted vainly to regain use of my limbs, and I heard Harris swear in disgust.

"What the h—l did you hit him like that for, you idiot?" he yelled. "We don't want to kill the guy; he's worth more to us alive. Here, you, Waldron, lift up his head!"

Then all knowledge left me, and I went out into the dark.

CHAPTER XI

A Venture of Peril.

I must have remained unconscious for an hour or more. I never really knew how long, for my watch disappeared, yet it was still night when I again painfully opened my eyes and endeavored to perceive my surroundings. Memory of the blow which ended the struggle caused me to lift a hand to my head; the scalp was bruised and broken, the hair matted with clotted blood, yet I could not believe the injury was a serious one. I could use my limbs. Satisfied on this point, and assured that I was alone, I braced myself on one arm, and, in a sitting posture, endeavored to survey my surroundings.

I was resting on the floor of a bare room of ordinary size, containing no vestige of furniture. The place was cold, with that indescribable chill peculiar to unused apartments, and through the one window, which was unshaded by a curtain, poured the direct light of an almost full moon. In this silvery light every bit of that interior stood revealed in its hideous bareness, the roughly finished walls, the patches of plaster scaled off, the dirty floor, the single door and window, the rage amid which I rested. It was a hopeless scene.

I staggered to my feet reeling a moment like a drunken man, and then finally found my way along the side wall to the window. My strength increased as I advanced, and courage was born with it—I was not dead; I might baffle those villains yet. They must have felt that I was safe enough in this place; that, even if I regained consciousness, no escape was possible, for they had left no guard. A glance without revealed the reason for such confidence. I was four stories up, a sheer brick wall below, and, at the bottom, a concrete walk. There was nothing between to cling to unless it might be the narrow coping of stone just beneath the window sill. I stared at this, almost hopelessly, for an instant; then turned my eyes away with a shudder; it was scarcely as broad as the sole of my shoe and was merely a creeping along there was merely the dream of a madman. The bright moonlight flooded everything about, yet I saw nothing familiar; I was evidently at the back end of a house, with others closely set on either side, and an alley beyond a small, enclosed yard. This latter was littered with dead weeds and rubbish of every description, and a small shed of some kind extended across the rear. Three stories below, but to the right, a narrow porch protected the back door. There was no movement visible ap-

your curiosity I'll tell you. We've got the girl spotted; we can lay our hands on her in an hour; and, believe me, we've got the goods on the young lady. Here's the sticker that did the business, and I found it right where you had hidden it away. I can find three men—they are keeping out of sight, but I can stir them up—who'll swear that she went away alone with Alva from that factory over there; that he had the bag with him, and that the two got into the auto together. That makes one h—l of a straight case, don't it?"

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CHAPTER XI

A Venture of Peril.

I must have remained unconscious for an hour or more. I never really knew how long, for my watch disappeared, yet it was still night when I again painfully opened my eyes and endeavored to perceive my surroundings. Memory of the blow which ended the struggle caused me to lift a hand to my head; the scalp was bruised and broken, the hair matted with clotted blood, yet I could not believe the injury was a serious one. I could use my limbs. Satisfied on this point, and assured that I was alone, I braced myself on one arm, and, in a sitting posture, endeavored to survey my surroundings.

I was resting on the floor of a bare room of ordinary size, containing no vestige of furniture. The place was cold, with that indescribable chill peculiar to unused apartments, and through the one window, which was unshaded by a curtain, poured the direct light of an

Newport & Providence Street Ry Co.

Cars Leave Washington Square for Providence

WEEK DAYS—8.50, 7.40, 8.50 A.
M., then each hour to 8.50 P. M.

BUNDAYS—7.50 A. M., then each
hour to 9.50 P. M.

SAW BIG PLOT IN FOOTBALL

Hard to Convince Turkish Authorities
That the Game Was Not Revolu-
tionary Camouflage.

It has always been a difficult matter to be a sportsman in Turkey. One Turk, Necad Bey, tried it with a result weird enough to serve as a basis for a detective story.

It appears that the young Turk had organized a football team among his friends, together with some Greeks and Armenians, and began practicing. Shortly thereafter, in the middle of the night, police came to his house and carried him off to Scutari. There he was submitted to a long examination, as to the club and the game of football.

The authorities were convinced that they had found a great plot, and that the club must be a secret society. A special messenger was sent for the ball, and that was duly examined and found to be an infernal machine. The rules of the game were considered to be another piece of damning evidence, and still worse were the sweaters and colors of the club.

After long deliberation the culprit was sent to the higher police authorities in Stambul, who went through a second long examination and came to the conclusion that the empire had been saved from disintegration by the early discovery of a great plot. They dispatched the whole matter to be inquired into at the sultan's palace at Yildiz, and a special commission took the matter in hand.

After much careful thought and examination of the evidence of the crime it was decided that there might be nothing in it, but that it must not be committed again.

OUTWITTING THE BOND THIEF

Wall Street Bankers Have Devised
Some Novel Methods of Camou-
flaging Securities.

Many runners in Wall Street are adopting novel methods of their own to safeguard the securities given in their care for delivery. In some instances firms have made suggestions and rules for "camouflaging" the handling of stocks and bonds outside of their offices. One broker's house has all securities placed inside newspapers and one of its runners, apparently walks around with a single newspaper under his arm which has attached to its pages inside valuable bonds and stocks. Yet another firm has hired former policemen to handle its deliveries of stock.

Another firm has presented its runners with suits, the vests of which have large inside pockets which are buttoned and in these the securities are carried and must be on pain of dismissal.

One wet day recently a special messenger of a large brokerage house carried two Liberty bonds of \$50,000 apiece and three of \$10,000 each placed inside a closed umbrella.—Wall Street Journal.

Eastern Women Advancing.

Feet fit for feats, both as to shape and shoes, are no longer confined to men nor yet to the women of the western world, says a bulletin from the national board of the Y. W. C. A. In the recent Olympic races of the Far East, held in Shanghai, 1,200 girls and young women took part. Of these 200 were from Japan and the Philippine Islands, and the rest from China, 500 being Shanghai girls. The Shanghai delegation was selected and trained for the events by the Young Women's Christian association of Shanghai. "It is within the last six years that this activity in the land of little bound feet has developed," writes Miss Florence Brown of Rochester, N. Y., who is at present in Shanghai for the Y. W. C. A. "In 1915, when the last Olympic games were held," she says, "the only girls who took part were a few Filipino girls, who formed a baseball team."

Pretty Childish Fancy.

Billy, unlike most children, is not afraid of thunder. One day, while playing with some of his friends, it started to thunder, frightening them. But Billy soothed them by saying, "Don't be afraid, that's only God playing his organ."

Proud of Her "Fever."

Little Maude very much admired her father's chickens. Observing for the first time the little hairs on her arms, she ran very excitedly to her mamma, saying: "See! Mamma, see! I got some feathers. I got some feathers."

Bullfrog Stuck to Machine.

A big bullfrog, although uninvited, took a ride in an airplane in the Philippines, and the pilot was unable to pull him out into the atmosphere even though he performed all the stunts of a aerial circus.

Their Other Name.

Little Grace had been given some forest-nuts by one of the neighbors and she came running to her mother with them, saying: "Oh, mamma, look at the thick-of-mes Mrs. Brown gave me!"

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

THE SILVER DAGGER

where, no gleam of light from the windows below me. I listened in vain for any sound; the night was as still as death, not even the echo of a distant street-car reaching my ear. I was somewhere within the limits of the city; of that I felt assured, but beyond this could determine nothing.

I stole as silently as possible across to the door. It was securely locked, of course, and could be forced open, if at all, only by creating considerable alarm. I stood, staring helplessly about, feeling the impossibility of escape. I could only wait for my jailers to appear, impotent to aid myself in any way—or her. After all, that last thought was the most impelling. That they suspected Marie Gessler of being implicated in both murder and robbery was clearly evident; indeed, they not only suspected, but were convinced that she had done the deed. I was secretly obliged to admit that they had some reason to so believe; that they even possessed proof which would probably convict her in court of the crime. This gave them a terrible advantage over the girl, once they had her bodily in their possession. Guilty or not guilty, she could not establish her innocence; under torture and threat, such as they would doubtless use in their money lust, there was no knowing what might happen. Alone, helpless in the grasp of these unscrupulous crooks, her fate might be death, disgrace. Certainly it would be foul insult, and, if she failed to yield, the desire for revenge might even drive those cowards to a secret denunciation of her to the police. This, however, would be their last resort; they would exhaust all other efforts first. And no one else knew of her danger; no one else was in position to aid her; she must face this gang absolutely alone unless I could effect an escape. It was not merely my own life at stake; hers was also in the balance.

And the time in which to act was short. If I escaped at all, it must be accomplished before my jailers returned, before they dreamed that I had aroused from unconsciousness, or had strength enough to make the attempt. Yet what possible way suggested itself? I felt in my pockets; they were utterly empty, except for a single overlooked bill. There was no means of egress other than the window and that seemed hopeless. Yet in desperation I crossed over once more, and again looked out. Could I dare attempt to cling to that slight ledge in my stocking feet, even for the one or two steps necessary to reach the next window? The very conception of such a feat made my head reel giddily and my stomach rise in protest. Besides, even if I made it by some miracle, what if that other window should be closed and locked? How could I ever move backward to regain safety?

Yet wait! there was a way, dangerous enough to be sure, yet possible if I possessed the necessary nerve. There were opened blinds at each window; they would help some as grasping spots for the hands. The one within reach appeared solid enough, firmly anchored to the casement, and secured to the brick wall by means of an iron bolt. Between the two the space to be traversed was not wide; a single stride on the ground beneath would bridge the distance. If I had some thing to cling to above—anything that would keep me upright—I might hold my footing on the narrow stone and make the passage slowly. It was a daring, deadly venture, but possible.

But what could I hope to utilize as a support? The bare room offered but a single suggestion—the dirty coverlet which had been thrown over me. Torn apart from corner to corner, and twisted into the form of a rope, it ought to safely sustain my entire weight in case a foot slipped. I started to tear with my teeth, and thus succeeded in ripping the thing from end to end. It was scarcely long enough for the purpose, which compelled me to make the noose correspondingly small. However, with this improvised lasso gripped in my right hand, I took position astride the sill of the window, in an endeavor to protect the loosened end over some protuberance of the blind beyond. By holding tight to the frame with my left hand, the right was left free, and I was enabled to lean out far enough to obtain a clear toss. There was little the noose could catch on, and continued failure left me listless and discouraged. I lost hope, yet kept at it, and finally, to my surprise, the ring of the cloth settled over an iron projection of the hinge, and clung there, extending straight across from window to window. I hardly dared breathe as I drew the thing taut and tested the firmness with which it was held at the other end. The noose closed down tightly about the iron staple, and resisted every effort at release. To all seeming it was as safely anchored as though I had placed it there by hand. Somehow the very knowledge that this had been accomplished, that the way was open, brought with it a renewal of the feeling of horror with which I had first contemplated the possibility of such an accomplishment. Would I ever dare the attempt? My head swam as I gazed downward, and then across, and I shrank back absolutely terrified at the very thought.

Yet my nerve returned, and I found myself cool and determined. It was no pleasant job, to be sure, and I was compelled to steel myself to the attempt, yet I no longer held back paralyzed by fear. I easily found a secure fastening for the strip of bed-spread at my own window, and then, satisfied that it was taut and securely held at both ends, lowered my body cautiously over the sill, until my stockinged feet nervously gripped the narrow rope of the coping. I dare not look down or permit my mind to dwell for an instant on what was below. Slowly I straightened up, until my entire weight was upheld by this precarious foot-hold. To advance step by step was impossible; all I could hope to

accomplish in locomotion was to stealthily advance one foot a few inches, sliding it along the stone, ever retaining contact, and then, as carefully drawing the other after until they met, toe and heel. It was the slow progress of a snail, yet the slightest effort at hurrying would mean a certain fall.

This was not unduly perilous, however, so long as I retained firm hold on the sill, or even could grip my fingers over the lower frame of the open blind, as I was enabled thus to partially sustain my weight, and, even if a foot slipped, the feel of the solid wood yielded confidence. But finally my hand reached out and grasped only the cloth cord, twisted into some semblance of a rope, and, as it gave sickeningly to the pressure, the old fear swept over me in a torrent of agony. I could never make it—never! I would go swirling, crashing down to that death below. It was but a step, to be sure; a step and I could reach the firmness of the other blind; but, oh, the step—the speechless horror of it! Yet there was no going backward: I tried this, only to realize at once its impossibility, and the perspiration burst out from every pore, as the full horror of my situation suddenly flashed over me. I must go on, trusting to that thin, unstable cord, balancing myself above the gulf. There was no other way, no retreat, no means of escape. I do not know now how the act was accomplished; it is hardly a memory, except as some wild delirium of sleep haunts one when they awake. Inch by inch I crept, hand encroaching on hand, foot pressing against foot, every slightest movement an inexpressible agony—then I gripped the support of wood once more, and clung to it as with the grasp of death.

I clung there until my mind came back, until I felt the return of strength to my body, and I could look down through the moonlight without feeling dizzily. The blind was strong, firmly braced, and I felt safe in its protection. But what about the window beyond? Suppose it should be locked? or the room into which I opened, occupied? I could not continue to cling there in uncertainty: I must learn the truth—assure myself that I had not passed through all this tense agony in vain.

I moved slowly, barely an inch at a time, each advancing foot feeling for support, but more confident now because of the grasp of my fingers on the upper wood. The window was closed, but dark and grimy looking, as though the room within had been long unoccupied. Its very appearance gave me courage. I balanced myself on the precarious footing of the stone, clinging tensely with my left hand to the iron hinge of the blind, while my right endeavored to raise the sash. At first I believed the window firmly fastened down—the suspicion leaving me numb with despair. But reckless tugging loosened its hold, and enabled me to shove up the sash little by little, until finally the opening became sufficient for me to squeeze through. I felt as though I had returned from the dead, the nervous reaction so great that I lay for a moment on the floor where I had fallen, unable to move. I knew I was alone, the space untenanted, the walls as bare as in that other room from which I had fled. I knew this, and in my exhaustion cared to know no more.

Then I staggered to my knees, and, with opened eyes stared curiously about, gathering my wits together. There was nothing to see but the four walls. I tried the door, and it opened silently, permitting me to glance out into a narrow dark hallway, unoccupied. I could dimly discern the top of a flight of stairs leading down to the story below. I slipped out, and closed the door softly behind me, being plunged instantly into funeral blackness.

I groped a way forward toward the stairs, guided by a hand against the wall, until the touch of the upper rail assured me of my position. A narrow strip of carpeting—rag I took it to be from the feeling—extended down the center of the stairs, sufficient to muffle my footsteps, and I paused a moment listening for the slightest noise amid the darkness beneath. All remained still and mysterious; so that I drew forth my shoes from a coat pocket and slipped them on.

Twice the boards creaked ominously under my tread, sounding terrible in that silence, and causing me to hang in suspense over the banister rail, holding my breath in fear of discovery. At last I attained the wider space at the bottom, and sought blindly to explore my surroundings. But for the carpet underfoot, and a small sofa encountered in a recess, I would have believed myself in a deserted house. I knew I was on the third floor, yet there was no curve in the banisters, showing a way to the next flight of stairs. How could I locate them by any effort. As the result of blindly groping about, I lost all sense of direction and must have wandered into a side room through an undraped recess, for I suddenly brought up against a table, littered with papers and books.

Started by this encounter into a realization that I was lost in a strange house at an unholy hour of the morning, and that the slightest misstep in that darkness might result in an alarm to awaken every sleeper, for a few minutes I did not venture to move in any direction. Yet manifestly I could not remain there indefinitely, and so, blindly choosing a course, I set forth, feeling a way cautiously forward until I first ran into a chair, and then struck one hand against a side wall. I followed this latter as best I could, inspired by the thought that if I continued this course long enough I must attain the opening through which I had entered the room. On the way my hands felt the outlines of a closed door, and, in aimlessly groping about, encountered a key in the lock. It was so inserted as to be extracted at the touch of my fingers and instantly a tiny ray of light shot forth through the vacated hole. It was such a relief in the heart of that darkness as to cause me to quickly bend down

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over thirty years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

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GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over 30 Years

The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

and endeavor to view the scene within.

It was evidently a chamber of some size, and well furnished, rather dimly illuminated by a single shaded electric globe, a handsome green rug on the floor, and numerous pictures hung about the walls. I could perceive the outlines of a bed at one side, barely within the range of the vision, and opposite this an ornate dresser, with three mirrors. But what my eyes rested upon with greater interest was a luxurious leather couch beside the further wall on which a woman rested, with some sort of covering draped about her. She lay with face toward the wall, motionless, and to all appearances sound asleep.

To arouse her was the last thing I desired, and I would have slipped the key back into the lock, and stolen silently along in the darkness, had she not suddenly stirred, flinging out one hand as though in fear of some dream, and turned partially, so that her face became clearly visible. The sleeper



The Sleeper Was Marie Gessler!

was Marie Gessler! For a moment I could scarcely credit the discovery; yet there could be no mistake. I remembered too well every characteristic of the girl, to be deceived.

Yet what house was this that she should be here? How did it happen that we were at the same place? Had she come voluntarily; or a prisoner? Had she been tricked into coming? or brought by force? and was she held here helpless to escape? I tried the door softly—it was locked. This, coupled with the fact that the key was upon the outside, served to answer the main question. However she came, she was now being held a prisoner. We must both be in the same hands. In the unscrupulous grasp of this desperate gang of criminals, determined to win from us at any cost the secret we were supposed to share. I hesitated, but for only a moment, debating with myself the best course to pursue. I decided to return to her rescue with help; or face the greater danger of attempting to take her with me! The former move involved exposure of her whole connection with the affair, and I was afraid to take upon myself the responsibility. I knew not who she was, or why she had become involved in this mesh of crime. I feared Harris' knowledge, the evidence he might disclose, and what his passion for revenge might drive him to do, if he once found his game decisively blocked. It would be better for me to tell her all first and then act at her direction.

I reinserted the key in the lock noiselessly, shot back the bolt and opened the door, stepping quickly within to instantly shut out the glare of light. It seemed to me this was accomplished in utter silence, but, as the door latched behind me, she was

upon her feet, plainly startled by the intrusion.

"Who are you? What does this mean?—why, Mr. Severn?"

"Yes," I responded quickly, yet making no effort to advance, "you have nothing to fear; only do not speak loudly."

"But please explain. I—I am not afraid of you, of course, but how do you happen to be here?"

"Perhaps you will permit me to ask a question first, which may sound ridiculous enough—where am I?"

"You do not know that even? I can at least answer with certainty," her composure returning; "you are at 247 Le Comte street."

"Waldron's house; that possibility never occurred to me. Sounds strange, doesn't it? But the truth is I was brought here unconscious."

"You were attacked?"

"Slugged in Costigan's saloon," I explained shortly. "It took three of them to do it, but they did a good job. That must have been about midnight. What time is it now?"

"It is after four; who are they?"

"Harris, Waldron and Costigan—some combination."

"But why should they slug you, Mr. Severn?"

"Simply because of my connection with the mysterious Miss Gessler," I explained. "Harris had chosen to associate us together, believing we knew who murdered and robbed Alvin, and where the spoils are hidden. They endeavored first to put me through the third degree, and when I refused to squeal—as you know simply because I possessed no knowledge to communicate—they resorted to force, and here I am."

Her eyes, wide open, questioning, were upon my face.

"They—they asked you about me? Why should they suppose you know anything?"

"Largely because we were together at Peron's. I presume. Harris claims to know you—who you are. Is that true?"

"It may be," she admitted. "What has happened tonight almost convinces me. I came here willingly, only to find myself a prisoner. Sarah Waldron telephoned me that she was ill, and needed me. I have known her ever since I was a girl; we were from the same town, so readily I thought nothing unusual of her call. I have seen no one here since I came—no men, I mean—and did not remove my clothes, in anticipation of being called."

"She claimed to be here alone?"

"There are roomers on the floor below, but I met none."

"But I found your door locked," I insisted.

"That is very strange. I heard nothing. Perhaps if you will explain what they asked you, we may come to some understanding of what this all means. Does Harris accuse me of the robbery?"

"Yes and of the murder. The way he tells it the thing does sound rather ugly," I confessed regretfully, but believing the time had arrived for plain speech between us. "At least I was in no position to contravert his claims."

"You imply you suspect me also of this crime?"

"No, not that! I have given you my faith; but it has been given blindly. You have refused me your confidence. I do not even know your name, your place of residence, how you became involved in this cord. You must acknowledge I am badly handicapped when it comes to attempting your defense."

"You have been very true, very kind," she admitted, and extended her hand. "You must know how greatly I appreciate such faithfulness, Mr. Severn. But tell me what Harris holds to be proof against me. If all this be true, we cannot waste time here in talk."

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Practically Nothing That is Worth
Having Can Be Attained With-
out the Greatest Effort.

It is easy to sit and watch others work. But we know of no employer who will pay you wages for doing it, unless you know how to do the work, yourself, and are working hard at the job of supervising it.

It is easy to travel about the world on steamships and parlor cars, very pleasant and profitable to the man with an inquiring mind. But that is a vacation occupation and unless you have earned the money to do it, hard work you will get little out of it.

It is easiest of all to feel sorry for yourself, and to think that you haven't had a fair chance in life, and that you'd have been a big success if you hadn't met with so much injustice and bad treatment. But that will get you only unhappiness, which is the least desirable thing in all the world.

There are many things in life that are well worth doing, but none of them are easy.

The first-class fiction writer takes delight in his job, but he also works at it harder than any man who is not a first-class fiction writer or ever dreams of doing.

The great tenor, like Curuso, finds pleasure in his job, and incidentally in the money he gets from it. But he works about six or seven hours a day, at it now, and in earlier life he worked ten or twelve hours, receiving far less pay for exactly as good music.

If good jobs were to be had by little effort practically everybody would have a good job. The reason that they are so few, and that so many of those few are not filled, is that all of them demanded the hardest kind of hard work, not only to get but to keep them.

Genius, which is said to know how to do things before it is born, has to work just as hard as mediocrity to gain and keep success. Nothing you can think of that brings real rewards can be accomplished without more work than most of us can contemplate without getting tired at the mere thought of it. Yet people are doing it right along, and you seldom hear of any of them killing themselves in the effort.

If you have made up your mind to do something unusual or to be somebody of importance learn how to work twice as hard as you ever did before.

That is only a first step. The second is to think hard. If you can do both, and keep them up long enough, you may land, but remember you will have a lot of competition. Even hard work finds plenty of men to believe in and practice it.

And most of them get what they are after.—New York Tribune.

Dogs Trained to Smuggle.

The Franco-Belgian frontier has long been a happy hunting ground of the smuggler, both amateur and professional. In the customs museum at Lille is a collection of exhibits which give a vivid idea of the tricks employed by smugglers.

There are chairs, brushes, pitchforks, muson's beds, widows' mourning bonnets, wheelbarrows, saws and boots, all hollowed out for stowing away tobacco. There are stacks of government papers concealed in a zinc tobacco receptacle, hollow roulette wheels in which coffee was smuggled, and workmen's drinking cans with only a few inches of liquor in a little vessel beneath the cork, the rest of the can being intended for tobacco.

There are numerous examples of spiked armor, spiked collars and harness furnished with a number of sharp spears, worn by the dogs trained to dash across from Belgium at night, and thus protected against the customs dogs trained to chase them.

Equals Twenty Tunnels.

The two enormous masonry-faced steel towers supporting the contemplated bridge connecting Manhattan with Jersey City will each of them be 840 feet high, or 43 feet taller than the Woolworth building.

The upper deck of the bridge, over which will flow all the automobile and motortruck traffic, will accommodate as many moving vehicles as ten two-track tubes such as the pair soon to be built under the Hudson river at Canal street, at a cost of \$150,000,000.

The lower deck will carry ten railroad tracks.

The bridge is expected to cost \$110,000,000. Tunnels under the river, equivalent to the bridge in traffic capacity, would, it is estimated, cost two and a half times as much. Not fewer than 20 of them would be required.

Life as I See It.

A bank is the thing to patronize. You can be a valued customer and yet keep your money.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Changing Fashions in Hats.

During the last 300 years there have been more changes in hat fashions than in any other part of men's attire.

The Butterfly.

Ah, the butterfly! Even when chased, it never has the air of being in a hurry.—Japanese Lyrics.

Vulcanizing Discovered in 1834.

The discovery of the process of vulcanizing rubber, for which a patent was granted, was in 1834.

The Mercury.

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A distinguished writer declares that the best climate for all but the really sick people is the climate that has frequent moderate weather changes; fairly marked annual and daily variations in temperature; a reasonable amount of cold during at least part of the year; a refreshing variety in the amount of cloudiness; and sufficient rainfall to provide moisture for the growth of grass and crops. New England would seem to hit the bill all right. It was, we believe, Mark Twain who once said that New England had more climate to the square inch than any other part of the world.

"Two women and two men seriously hurt when their auto ran into a Boston-bound train at a grade crossing in Seltwater"; "Drives car into a train, two killed several injured at Torrington, Ct."; "Two women and one man in dangerous condition from their car running into a telephone pole at Hull"; "Two injured when cars collide at Wrentham, both Providence people"; "Car overturns, injures four occupants on Columbus avenue"; "Hyde Park boy hit by a motor"; "Hovely girl dies from injuries by auto while crossing Cabot street"; "Automobilists collide at Seltwater, Mass., several injured"; "Man struck by automobile while crossing Scollay square"; "Woman's leg broken by auto on Hanover street." Such are a few of the headings in a Boston paper of Tuesday of the happenings on Labor Day.

New England railroads are in a bad way. So says Senator Walsh of Massachusetts. He further says something must be done immediately to prevent general bankruptcy, and recommends that a conference be held of all the New England Governors to take this condition of affairs into serious consideration. Times have changed in the last few years. It was not long ago when the New England roads were considered as solid as New England's granite hills. The two leading roads, the Boston and Maine and the New York, New Haven and Hartford, were considered the best and safest investment a person could make. The stock of the Boston and Maine was selling around \$200 and eagerly sought after by investors. Now it is in the hands of the receiver. The New York, New Haven and Hartford sold as high as \$275, and now it is selling around \$15.00 with a receivership staring it in the face. A few years back the New Haven road owned all the trolley lines in Connecticut and many in Rhode Island and Massachusetts, bought at two or three times their worth, most of which have been unloaded at an enormous sacrifice. What has brought about this great change? The trolleys and auto trucks have done a part of it, but mismanagement has done more. Now aid from outside must be rendered to prevent universal bankruptcy and great damage to New England business.

A DAY OF ANNIVERSARIES

Tuesday, Sept. 6th, was the day of anniversaries. Forty years ago, on that day, occurred the famous Yellow Bay, so well remembered by the older people. It was the opening day of the Newport County Fair and was so dark that little work could be done. The phenomena was a curious one, and never before, or since, encountered. In many parts of the country terror reigned supreme, as it was thought by the timid that the world was coming to an end and that the darkness was caused by smoke from the burning world. On many lips the old rhymes called "Mother Shipton's Prophecy" was quoted, about iron floating on water as easily as a wooden boat, and so through the long list of modern mechanical triumphs—predictions sufficiently remarkable that they really been predictions when first made—and ending with the alarming lines, now apparently to be fulfilled:

"The world to an end shall come
In eighteen hundred and eighty-one."

Sept. 6th was also the anniversary of the birth of America's champion patriot, in the days that tried men's souls. Lafayette, the beloved of Washington, was born Sept. 6, 1757.

Twenty years ago, on Sept. 6, 1901, President McKinley was shot by the assassin, Colozes at Buffalo, from which wound he died a few days later. It will also be noticed that on Sept. 6, 1881, President Garfield, who had been shot a day or two previous, by the assassin, Guiteau, was removed by railway train from the White House to Elberon, N. J., where he died thirteen days later.

Sept. 6th was the seventh anniversary of the Battle of the Marne, where the conquering German hordes were stopped on their mad career to Paris. This battle was really the turning point of the World War, and marked the beginning of the end of the Kaiser's ambition to conquer the world.

Altogether, Sept. 6th is a day to be remembered.

BUSINESS COURAGE

The Nation's Business magazine gives an interesting story from Spartanburg, South Carolina, showing how some business plants met the business depression and conquered it. Twenty thousand looms in the cotton mills of that city have been humming along ever since October, though many mills elsewhere have been shut down.

These mill operators believed it better policy to keep running, even if they made a small loss. If they had shut down their organization would have gone to pieces. Valuable workers would have drifted away. Operating the mills would have cost more when the boom times returned.

Now they have gained the added good will of their workers by their generous policy. No labor troubles occur at Spartanburg, as the workers have full confidence in their employers. These mills operate economically, as the result of keeping a force in which there is little turnover of labor. And the remarkable outcome has been that where they expected to make a loss through the dull period, they actually have come out with a small profit.

Many manufacturing concerns have had no choice but to shut down, as goods would not sell at any price. It is not desirable to stack up vast quantities of products that are not sold, as it takes a great amount of capital to finance such operations, which tends to maintain a dangerous inflation.

Some concerns, however, have been over cautious, and would have done better to keep running regularly, even if they had had to sell goods apparently at a slight loss. The surplus of commodities accumulated during the inflated period has now been worked off, and the purchasing power of the people must soon be felt in a big demand for goods. The plants that have kept running regularly will be in the best position to meet this demand and will operate with the most efficient labor force.

WINNING A REPUTATION

Many young people who are starting out in life consider that the most important thing during the first few years is the size of their pay envelope. If they are not getting large pay they feel the job is no good.

The thing which the beginner in business should consider of most vital importance is winning a reputation as a trustworthy employee, a faithful worker and one having ambition and initiative.

The jobs that pay high at first are apt to promise no advancement. They are apt to depend upon the ability to develop speed at some purely mechanical task. That speed can be acquired in a few months, and then the worker has gone as far as he can. It is almost impossible to perfect himself further, and he has no ground for asking advances in pay. Also he has not demonstrated initiative or originality that would suggest his fitness for positions of responsibility.

The world is looking for young people who will stick to their work, who will be loyal to their employer's interest, who will put brains and enterprise into their work and constantly try to improve their results. If a young man or woman makes during the first year of employment a reputation along these lines it does not make much difference whether the pay has been satisfactory or not.

That person is going to be marked for promotion when the time comes for some important vacancy to be filled. Or if he desires to make a change to some other business, inquiries made in regard to his abilities and fidelity will bring favorable recommendations. The business beginner's reputation for character, industry and go ahead qualities is equivalent to a certain amount of capital and is the only foundation on which a business success can be constructed.

Mrs. Lucinda Scott of this city, charged with violation of the Federal prohibition laws, was given a hearing before Commissioner Matteson in Providence on Thursday, at the conclusion of which she was adjudged probably guilty and was bound over to await the action of the Federal grand jury. A feature of the case was the fact that the raid on Mrs. Scott's house was made without a warrant, but the Commissioner denied the motion of Judge Sullivan, counsel for the defendant, to return the seized articles because of lack of warrant.

The annual meeting of the Newport Association for the Prevention of Tuberculosis was held in the Civic League rooms on Washington Square Thursday afternoon, when the principal address was delivered by Dr. Elliot Washburn of Providence. Dr. Norman M. MacLeod was elected president of the Association, and Messrs. Arthur D. Commerford and Frank M. Greenlaw vice presidents.

The Providence Journal in its article on the anniversary of the assassination of President McKinley, calls him Wm. B. McKinley, a name which the martyred President never claimed while alive. Plain William without any middle letter was the name he answered to.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas G. Owen, formerly of this city, are now making their permanent home on the Isle of Man.



WEATHER BULLETIN

Washington, D. C., Sept. 10, 1921.

Near Sept. 10 the front of an important disturbance will appear in the Alaskan and western Canadian Rockies and it will be advisable for all having business away from shelter to have a care for that period of severe storms. They are expected to occupy all the country west of meridian 80 up to Sept. 11 or 12, moving rather slowly, and from that time till after Sept. 15 almost anything in the weather line may be expected. The warm wave, storm wave and cool wave will have crossed meridian 80 by end of Sept. 12 and will occupy the next three or four days in reaching the Atlantic coast. The forces of these storms will increase till after Sept. 16 and probabilities favor dangerous storms from Sept. 16 to 17. These storms will be general in America and Canada.

Rains from these storms will prepare the soil for a good growth of winter grain, both for the 1922 crops and for 1921 fall pastures. Not much change in the location of rainfall; it will break drought in some places, but generally be located about as for the past four months. The great change in location of precipitation will not begin till late in October. Following the great storms, killing frosts will be general in our northern States and the Canadian Provinces east of Rockies during the week centering on Sept. 17.

I did not relate the whole story about the disastrous drought expected to visit the East Indies and Australia during their 1922 crop season. That destructive drought is expected to include India, the Malayan peninsula, southern China, the Philippines, Ceylon, New Zealand, Tasmania, New Guinea, Borneo, and will begin in a moderate way in April, 1922, continuing to March, 1923. Not a severe drought all the time, but during that twelve months those countries will not get rid of drought conditions and the worst of it will be during their crop season of 1922. I have a record of the causes of the droughts that occurred in the past seventy-five years and I warn those countries to be prepared for famine conditions. If such a drought was indicated for this country I would give out the information only in a private way.

For 1922 certain crops will be almost a total failure in America and Canada, but other crops will be a great and general success. I cannot publish which crops will fail because the newspapers that do not get my forecasts for publication would say that I was making such predictions for the purpose of speculating in grain or cotton. But subscribers to this newspaper always hear from me, privately, when I receive stamp for reply.

For six months I have advised farmers to hold grain and cotton and dealers to buy as the markets went down. The markets are now telling why I did so. All who have followed my advice will profit thereby. I will not publish that kind of advice in the newspapers any more this year.

The first half of the great Australian drought beginning in April, 1922, will come from the same cause that brought the 1901 drought to America and destroyed our corn crop.

Economy.

The men who invented pickled pigs' feet and ortol soup were undoubtedly trying to make ends meet.

Jazz Records and Song Hits

- A2580—\$1.00
Fi Fo Fun—One Step
Dancing Honey—Fox Trot
- A2579—\$1.00
Just Another Kiss—W
Ah There—Fox Trot
- A2583—\$1.00
Mohammed—Fox Trot
Afghanistan—Fox Trot
- A2585—\$1.00
Bo-La-Bo—Fox Trot
Venetian Moon—Fox Trot
- A2593—\$1.00
Kid from Madrid—Al Jolson
C-U-B-A—Kaufman

We ship Records all over the country.

PLUMMER'S MUSIC STORE

NEWPORT, R. I.

Weekly Calendar SEPTEMBER 1921

STANDARD TIME		Sun	Mon	Tues	Wed	Thurs	Fri	Sat
Rise		5:15	5:16	5:17	5:18	5:19	5:20	5:21
Set		7:15	7:16	7:17	7:18	7:19	7:20	7:21
Moon		11:37	11:38	11:39	11:40	11:41	11:42	11:43
High Water		2:28	2:29	2:30	2:31	2:32	2:33	2:34
Low Water		8:15	8:16	8:17	8:18	8:19	8:20	8:21

New Moon, Sept. 1st, 10:31 evening
First Quarter, Sept. 8th, 10:11 evening
Full Moon, Sept. 15th, 2:11 morning
Last Quarter, Sept. 22nd, 4:13 evening

Deaths.

In this city, Sept. 5, Eleanor T. Starr of George Wiggins.
Suddenly, in this city, 6th inst., John J. Healy.
In this city, 6th inst., George P. Lawton, in his 53rd year.
In this city, 6th inst., Bridget Donovan.
In this city, 6th inst., Sarah L. daughter of the late James and Sarah Fears Curran.
In this city, 5th inst., Mary Alice Thompson, aged 3 months, 11 days.
In Portsmouth, 13 inst., Lawrence F. Fish, in his 55th year.

BLOCK ISLAND

(From our regular correspondent)

Season Ends with Midnight Frolic
Block Island's gay summer season closed with a grand midnight dance from 12 till 3 a. m. last Monday at the Mohegan Casino. It was a farewell frolic for the season of 1921 by the Honolulu Four, and never in all its history has the Casino catered to such a capacity throng, three hundred and seventy-four paid admissions being registered at the door.

The Honolulu Four have been rated as the best orchestral group of entertainers that have ever catered to the terpischorean fans of Block Island and their re-engagement for another season at the Casino is most welcome news both to the local residents and the summer visitors.

From a public-spirited standpoint the boys have more than contributed their share during the past three months, many times they have been called upon to dispense their Hawaiian melodies at benefit performances and each time they have acquitted themselves with great credit. Hardly a hotel on the island has not called upon them and the townspeople are grateful for the special services rendered by them for the Chatauque concerts, the Soldiers and Sailors Memorial Hall, and the local church theatricals at the Empire Theatre.

At the Midnight Frolic several special features were introduced, the most noteworthy being the fancy dancing exhibitions by one of New York City's most popular cabaret dancing teams, Cooney and Russell. The Honolulu boys left Block Island on Wednesday, and after a brief period of rest will return to the professional stage, their first engagement which will run for six weeks, will be in New York City. The group is composed of Artie McKenzie, Bud Kaye, William Langeman, Frank Wright and Sol Lewis.

U. L. Madison, formerly curator at the Roger Williams Park Museum, and Mrs. Madison, who was formerly Miss Florence Ball of Block Island, have taken up their residence at 2259 Grand View Avenue, Cleveland Heights, Ohio. Mr. Madison has accepted a position in Cleveland, being Director of the Educational Department of the Cleveland Natural History Museum. Mr. and Mrs. Madison have conducted the Red Gate Farm on Block Island the past summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Allen entertained a party of friends on board their yacht, the Rhude Island, last Monday in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Stedman of Edgewood. During the sail around the island, Hawaiian music was furnished by the Honolulu Four. Among those present were Miss Foster of New York, director of a motion picture company; Mrs. L. G. Gahride of Providence, Philip Albrecht of Stonington, Conn., Miss Jessie Arnold of Providence, Miss Kathryn Kamahe of New York, Miss Vivian Porter of Providence and Mrs. Anna Arnold of Pawtucket.

Mr. and Mrs. William Littlefield of Providence announce the arrival of a daughter on last Wednesday morning. Mrs. Littlefield was formerly Miss Carol White of Block Island.

Capt. Darius B. Dodge, who has been seriously ill for the past fourteen weeks, is now under the care of a trained nurse. Captain Dodge, who is a member of the State Pilot Commission, has conducted the Island Drug Store for the past 37 years and his absence from this establishment the past summer has been keenly regretted by hundreds of the annual summer visitors who always make it a point to call and pay their respects to one of the most popular and best known citizens on the island.

Thomas Mott, who was seriously injured last Tuesday afternoon when a surrey in which he was driving was struck and completely demolished by an automobile, is reported slowly recovering from the shock and internal injuries caused by the collision. He was removed to the Newport Hospital for treatment by Dr. Perry on Thursday.

Miss Marion Fenner left Block Island last Wednesday for Rochester, New York, where she will remain with her aunt for the winter.

VITUPERATION IN POLITICS

Politics has generally been regarded as a rather dirty game. A good many people who shrink from disagreeable things say they hate to soil their hands in it. As a result, the community misses the service of a lot of men who would give splendid capacity to public problems. Perhaps political life is not so contaminating as they think. They may overestimate the difficulties that a man with a clean record meets in entering on a political career.

Any candidate has to anticipate a rather careful inspection of his record on going in for public office. But there is not so much tendency to throw mud as there used to be. It is realized that radical attacks often disgust the people and frequently arouse sympathy for the man who is subjected to them.

People who wish to assail a candidate's character do not usually come out in public the way they used to. But frequently they will pass around evil insinuations in private conversation. But the public have learned to be suspicious of statements that people will not make in an open manner.

Other things being equal, those who conduct political campaigns in a calm and courteous way, who assume that their opponents are likely at least to be honest and who merely try to refute their views stand better with the voters. As public education advances the people get sick of slashing attacks and rabid vituperation. When they are told that a man who has had a good record in business and community life is a weak and wicked tool of some selfish interest they reflect that there is a lot of hot air in politics. The fact that he has aroused such violent antagonism may simply prove that he has had force enough to make enemies, which may be an argument in his favor.

MOVES BACK TO 13TH CENTURY

Turkish Nationalists Shift Their Capital to Sivas.

ONCE AN IMPORTANT CITY

Armenian Kings Ruled It for a While and Under the Byzantines It Was the Second Most Important City in Asia Minor—in Marco Polo's Time It Was One of the Show Places of the Near East—Sivas May Be a Turkish Ruhr or Seletia.

"If the so-called 'Angora government' of the Turkish Nationalists has left Angora and shifted its capital to Sivas, as dispatches state, following the defeat of its armies by the Greeks in Asia Minor, it has truly moved into the Turkish back country," says a bulletin from the Washington, D. C., headquarters of the National Geographic society. "In fact it might almost be said to have moved from the Twentieth century into the Thirteenth. Angora is the rail head of the only steel highway that penetrates northern Asia Minor. Beyond this outpost of the age of machinery the country is wholly dependent for transportation on the camel and other beasts of burden, operating over roads that are far from good. Sivas lies more than 200 miles south of the Black sea.

"The city exists, however, in a region that reached a very high state of development long before the smoke of puffing locomotives ever darkened an Asian landscape, and it is no mean city, as cities go in its part of the world. It is credited with a population of 65,000, and is therefore of about the size of Little Rock, Ark., Sacramento, Cal., cities with which it has the further point in common that it is the capital of a 'state' or vilayet.

May Be Turkish Ruhr.

"Sivas is situated on a high plateau which is bleak and even frigid in winter when the blasts from the steppes of central Asia swirl around and over the Caucasus and give the region a climate comparable to the snow-swept plains of Russia. But it is by no means a waste country. The grain of the plateaus of the vilayet of Sivas and the fruits from its valleys help to feed the less favored sections of Turkey. It is rich in copper, iron, coal and other valuable minerals, and it is an industrial Turkey over lies Sivas may be its Silesia or its Ruhr.

"When Rome was the ruling power in the world, Sivas (then Sebastia) was one of its chief border cities. Armenian kings ruled it for a while, and under the Byzantines it was the second most important city in Asia Minor, being surpassed only by Caesarea to the southwest.

"If in a 'union station' for camel caravans in the Bagdad of Marabout-Rashid's day there was the counterpart of the train-order of today, Sivas must have been often on its lips, for it lies in a strategic position between Bagdad and 'points west.' A few years later it became the metropolis of the Seljuk Turks' empire in Asia before they moved westward and captured Constantinople.

"When Marco Polo visited the city in the Thirteenth century it was one of the show places of the Near East and had a population of about 100,000. At that time the city was noted for its fine rugs and carpets, but no that industry has passed farther west. One of Most Heartless Acts in History. "When the Seljuks had the seat of their empire in Sivas their architectural arts flourished. The college which they built there in the Thirteenth century are among the finest remains of Moslem art to be found in Asia Minor.

"Perhaps the most despicable act of cruelty ever perpetrated on a sacked city, even in a part of the world where cruel tyrants have been numerous, was inflicted on Sivas in 1400 by the notorious Timur the Lame. He caused a thousand children to be trampled to death under the hoofs of his war horses, and followed this monstrous proceeding by having 4,000 of the defeated Armenian defenders of the city buried alive. Since it went through that harrowing experience the city has never risen to a position of any great importance."

HOG RECOVERS RING

Roots Up Wedding Band Lost Twenty-Five Years.

To the snout of a hungry hog Mrs. Omega King of St. Joseph, Mo., owes recovery of her gold wedding ring lost 25 years ago, three days after her marriage.

Mrs. King's husband went out to chase the porker from the barnyard, where he was rooting. Looking down he noticed a glittering ring, just a little tarnished from the dirt.

The hog will not be butchered. He will be kept as an heirloom, to die his natural death.

CHILD NEVER SAW TRAIN

Little Chicago Girl Lives Near Terminals, but Has no Curiosity.

Although living within easy walking distance of five great Chicago railway terminals, Dolly Malley, thirteen years old, has never seen a railroad train. "I just never cared about going away from here," she said. "I was born and raised in this neighborhood and it's good enough for me."

Over-Estimate Themselves.

Most of those who claim that the world owes them a living are inclined to insist on living high.

Then Why Be Truthful?

No man believes everything he's told; no woman believes anything he tells her.

Landlords in the Dock Bay, Alton, Brookline and Cambridge, Mass., are permitting apartments to remain vacant rather than to grant reduction in rents, according to a statement given out by the commission on necessities of life.

Cities, towns and yacht clubs between Boston and Annapolis are beginning to show great interest in the coming fall voyage—probably next month—of the famous schooner yacht America to a permanent anchorage in the Severn river alongside the naval academy, and as a possible nucleus of an American maritime museum under the eye of the cadets.

The Massachusetts Near East Relief Committee has notified its National headquarters in New York that it deems it inexpedient to give four carloads of corn raised in Massachusetts for the relief of orphans and refugees in Near East countries, inasmuch as the needs of the people of this State are far in excess of the 1,500,000 bushels being raised this year. The committee will, however, match this requested contribution with its equivalent in money or clothing.

Street list containing names and ages of women 20 years of age and over, will not be printed for public distribution in Foxboro, Mass. The law requires that a copy shall be placed in two public places, where any one has a right to look at them. A copy may always be found in the assessor's office, School st. and one in the town clerk's office on Central st.

President Kenyon L. Butterfield, head of the Massachusetts Agricultural College at Amherst, testifying at a hearing in the State House, delivered a scathing attack on the system by which the college is managed, and requested that his position as president, and the board of trustees be abolished, if the Legislature will not permit these officials to manage the college.

Present indications are for a Massachusetts cranberry crop of 200,000 barrels against the crop of 280,000 last year. The smallest one since 1900 was the one of 120,000 in 1917, when about half the crop was destroyed by severe frooling during the harvesting. The next smallest was 146,000 in 1915. The largest crop since 1900 was 450,000 barrels in 1914, while the average for the period 1901 to 1920 is 263,230 barrels. Various unfavorable conditions combined to reduce the Massachusetts crop—May and June frosts, floods in July and worms since then. The fruit worm is generally reported as more destructive than usual, and growers fear quite heavy, further reduction of the crop from this pest which is yet very active. Soil frost is very uneven. Growers report the berries somewhat larger and further matured than usual, and expect picking to begin early in September.

George Brown, the aged hermit of Catnip Valley, Melrose, Mass., prognosticates that this coming Winter will be exceptionally severe, in fact, almost without a parallel for cold and storm. He says "The coming winter will break all records for the past 25 years at least. Boston Harbor will be used for sleighing and skating parties and many boats will have to be chopped out of their docks before they can sail. There will be 28 heavy snowstorms, several of which will lie up the railroads for days on end and which will paralyze the commuting systems, time and time again. The first snowstorm will come on Nov. 9 and there will be excellent sleighing on Thanksgiving. Christmas will be ushered in with a blizzard that will recall the storm that raged the night the Portland went down, and New Year's week will be memorable for its stinging cold snap. However, it will continue warm until Oct. 15 and perhaps a little later, and there will be an early and pleasant Spring, while the great mass of snow will fertilize the fields for record crops."

Massachusetts and New England, steadily gaining in population and in volume and value of manufactured products, is rapidly forging ahead of all other sections of the United States to a foremost place in the country's industrial scheme. It is revealed in a report by the Boston Chamber of Commerce. The report follows months of careful investigation into the field of industry, brought about by statements that New England was not keeping pace with the rest of America in development. New England business is growing soundly; the southern New England states, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut, have a batting average right up with the leaved for the country; Massachusetts alone in one year produced nearly one-third of all cotton goods produced in the country, and northern New England has showed a persistent increase in the value of products, declares the report. From 1914 to 1919 the value of New England products increased from \$2,926, 675,000 to \$7,153,626,000 or 145 per cent. In the value added by manufacture the increase in per cent was even more—a gain of 154 per cent being recorded during the same period.

Official standing in court is now given the analysts by the Massachusetts State Department of Health, of liquor seized by officers enforcing the prohibition laws, under a new statute which went into effect a few days ago. Since the coming of prohibition the Division of Food and Drugs of the State Department has been called upon frequently to analyze various kinds of beverages masquerading as non-intoxicants, to determine whether they contain more than the legal limit of alcohol.

Something That Is Cheap.

The director of the American Museum of Natural History announces that masochism boxes are a drug on the market and prices are down to nearly nothing. If you have been delaying your purchase of masochism boxes, now is the time to buy in a supply.

WALTER BUNTON

Claims to Have Rediscovered
Secret of Tempering Copper

Walter Bunton, a young machinist in LaPorte, Ind., claims that he has rediscovered the secret of tempering copper, which was lost in the middle ages.

DECLARES STATE BROKE ITS PLEDGE

Miners' Leader Asserts New
Outbreak Followed Killings by
Authorities After Dispersal.

Charleston, W. Va.—Philip Murray, International Vice President of the United Mine Workers of America, gave out the following formal statement on the West Virginia situation, as representing the views of the mine workers.

After making a survey of the entire situation in the disturbed sections of West Virginia, I am forced to conclude that there is but one solution to the whole question and it affects the citizenry of the State of West Virginia and that is complete abolition of the mine guard and Baldwin-Felts system now in general use throughout the non-union coal mining fields of this State.

Despite my statement that might be made to the citizenry by the Governor of the State of West Virginia, evidence of the brutality of the mine guards and Baldwin-Felts agency can be found in the non-union territories of West Virginia. My personal judgment is that the presence of Federal troops in the disturbed sections of the State will result in immediate quiet being restored. The men engaged in the present conflict against the Governor's misuse of power welcome with open arms the coming of Federal troops. They believe that their presence in this field will at least assure them and their wives and families protection from assassination at the hands of this armed band of desperadoes.

It is not generally understood, but it is nevertheless true, that on Aug. 20 these citizens engaged in the present uprising against Baldwin-Felts and mine guards entered into an agreement with General Bandholtz and President Keery to disperse peacefully and return to their homes, with the distinct understanding that their lives would be protected while following out the terms of the agreement.

WORLD NEWS IN CONDENSED FORM

NEW YORK.—Elhu Root has declined a nomination as a member of the International Court of Justice under the League of Nations because of his advanced age.

NEW YORK.—Francis M. Sheridan was arrested charged with the theft of \$10,000 worth of negotiable bonds from the Guaranty Trust Company.

CONSTANTINOPLE.—Turkish Nationalist forces, which have been fighting a desperate battle against the Greeks in the loop of the Sakaria River in Asia Minor, are withdrawing toward Angora. Both the Greeks and the Turks have suffered heavily.

WINONA LAKE, IND.—More young men and women are showing interest in religious education than ever before. It was shown by reports presented to the International convention of the Disciples of Christ Church, in session here, by the General Education Board.

FAIRMONT, W. Va.—A large bombing plane, in charge of Lieut. Leslie Arnold and containing two army aviators as passengers, bound for the mine zone in southern West Virginia, was wrecked three miles north of Fairmont. None of the occupants was injured.

NEW YORK.—Two sailors of the U. S. S. Barney, who committed a series of hold-ups in Central Park on the evening of July 24, were sentenced by Judge Maguire to Sing Sing prison for a term of from seven and a half to ten years each.

ROME.—Wireless waves 150,000 meters long, which he believed may come from Mars, were picked up several times ago by Guglielmo Marconi during experiments aboard his yacht Eletta in the Mediterranean. The maximum wave length produced in the experiment today is 14,000 meters. Further experiments will be made.

Mr. and Mrs. Dana Root of Bridgeport, Ct., broke down and wept bitterly in the Windsor county court-house when Judge Frank L. Fish pronounced the wife to not less than 15 years in the state prison for women, after she had pleaded guilty to attempting to murder her husband.

IRELAND REFUSES DOMINION STATUS

Government by Consent of the
Governed Declared to Be
the Sole Solution.

READY FOR FURTHER TALK

Declines Any Parley With Less Than
Independence as Its Outcome—Ultimate
Victory Predicted If Force Is
Used, as in Generations Past.

London.—The Dail Eireann's reply to the British Prime Minister, signed by Eamon de Valera, which was made public in London and Dublin simultaneously, had been preceded in the British and Irish press by a number of apparently inspired statements that it would create a very grave situation. Personal of the reply, however, affords little reason to fear the immediate breakdown of the negotiation unless the Cabinet council meeting to consider it should decide to impose a time limit, within which Ireland must accept or reject the Government proposals.

The reply shows that Mr. de Valera and the Dail Eireann have not receded in the slightest from the position formerly adopted. It emphasizes that the Government proposals are not an invitation to enter into a free will partnership with the unions of the British Commonwealth, but that on the contrary the conditions Mr. Lloyd George seeks to impose would divide Ireland into two artificial and mutually destructive States. It insists that the plenipotentiaries must enter a conference untrammelled by any conditions, but, with that proviso, the Dail Eireann is ready to appoint plenipotentiaries.

Except that Mr. de Valera seems to ignore the Prime Minister's warning of danger in continued delay, the position is much the same as on the occasion of the last exchange of letters, and almost certainly there will be a further exchange before a real crisis arises.

The most threatening feature of the situation still remains the refusal of Ulster to yield the slightest point, and in persistence in this attitude it is recognized here in real danger.

The Irish Republican reply, which is addressed to Mr. Lloyd George and signed by Eamon de Valera, was given out at No. 10 Downing street, the Prime Minister's official residence. It says the differences between Great Britain and Ireland can only be reconciled on the principle of government by consent of the governed, "and on this basis we are ready to appoint plenipotentiaries."

Ulsterites Are Threatened
Armagh.—Michael Collins, commander-in-chief of the Irish republican army and Sinn Féin minister of finance, came to his constituency, the first time he has been able to make a public appearance here since 1918, to thank his supporters for electing him to the Dail Eireann, and as he explained, for giving him a mandate "not to sit in the North Parliament."

He proved a most emphatic speaker both in Irish and English and is somewhat reminiscent of Theodore Roosevelt when he brings his jaw together, but speaks without a single gesture. He kept his audience entranced for nearly an hour as he denounced the partition of Ireland and appealed to Armagh to follow Tyrone and Fermanagh in denouncing allegiance to the Northern Parliament, thus striking the last blow against English control of Ireland.

Mr. Collins touched very gingerly upon the peace negotiations, explaining that at the present moment he must choose his words. "England," he said, "is handing out parliamentary like Carnegie gave away libraries; they are the sort of medicine which cures neither the north nor the south."

It was obvious from Mr. Lloyd George's letters, he declared, that the Northern Parliament was being used as an excuse to keep the North and the South asunder, but the Orangemen, who had been used as tools might find that they stood in the way of an agreement which was in England's interest, and then they would be thrown aside.

"Freedom for Ireland is coming; nobody can stop it," he exclaimed. "Is Ulster, with her tottering parliament, going to stay out? We said to our people there: 'We won't desert you.'"

Owen O. Duffy, chief liaison officer for the northern district, in dealing with Ulster, was more emphatic than his chief.

"If Ulster fails to come into United Ireland," he declared, "we will tighten the boycott. If that is not successful we will bring lead against them. Ulster cannot remain a bridgehead against the advance of the nation."

PUBLIC DEBT INCREASES

U. S. Owes \$23,922,329,666, or \$151,092,658 More Than Month Ago.
Washington.—An increase of \$151,092,658 in the public debt during August was announced by the Treasury. On July 31 the public debt stood at \$23,771,237,008, as compared with \$23,620,578,000 at the end of August.

The increase during the month, Treasury officials explained, was due principally to the issuance of Treasury certificates in excess of the maturities.

There is no lack of students of religious subjects despite the reported shortage of preachers in the rural districts, according to Pres. Lemuel H. Morrill of Boston University. More than 1000 young people at the university are definitely preparing for some form of religious work, according to registration figures.

ALBRECHT OF BAVARIA

Lost Bavarian Throne
Through World War

But for the war this young man might have been now the ruler of Bavaria. He is the former Prince Albrecht, who was heir apparent to the throne.

IDLE BRITONS DEMAND AID OF PARLIAMENT

Appeal to Lloyd George to Call
Special Session to Provide Remedy
for Unemployment.

London.—With the arrest and imprisonment of the mayor and eleven councillors of the London borough of Poplar, and an outbreak in Woolwich borough, there is an increase of the disorderly spirit among the unemployed in these and other sections of London, and the labor situation faces a new crisis which is engaging the attention of government officials.

Labour leaders have written to Premier Lloyd George demanding that he either convene Parliament at once to take steps to relieve the situation, or else provide finances to support the idle, that local taxpayers, now almost at the limit of their resources, may not suffer further.

"The continued neglect of the unemployment problem may produce consequences to the social order of a very undesirable character," the letter concludes.

Eleven of the Poplar borough councillors and the mayor were arrested and lodged in Brixton jail. They are charged with refusing to levy taxes demanded by the London County Council, which are backed by an order of the high court. The defense of the councillors is that the local taxpayers are already burdened to the limit with the taxes imposed for the care of the unemployed in the borough, and that they can not stand further taxes for the whole of London, whereas there are wealthier boroughs, which do not have to bear the burden of caring for the idle.

Before their arrest several of the councillors addressed the crowds and advised them and the people of Poplar borough not to pay rent until the borough officials were freed from prison.

LATEST EVENTS AT WASHINGTON

The War Department set in motion machinery to apply irresistible force to disorderly elements in the five mining counties of West Virginia where labor disorders which have been smoldering for a long time have developed into what officials term insurrection.

The Federal prohibition authorities have decided to make a sweeping shakeup in the enforcement organization of New York city. Commissioner Roy A. Haynes regards the situation there as of such seriousness that he will give it his personal attention.

The appointment of George B. Bell, of Jamaica, N. Y., as chief of the agricultural implements and vehicles division of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce was announced. This is one of the new commodity divisions established in the Department of Commerce by Secretary Hoover.

Congress will be forced to consider a selective immigration law at the regular session in December, according to a statement made by Representative Johnson, chairman of the House of Representatives Immigration Committee.

Decision was reached by the senate Finance Committee to rewrite the house tax bill "so as to include in one document every internal revenue law on the statute books."

Declaring that through 4,000 years of pagan history and 2,000 years of Christian civilization the world only lately had come to a civilized state of armed warfare, President Harding reiterated that he thought it "perfectly futile to think there never may be armed conflicts."

Chairman Penrose described the house tax measure as a series of amendments to existing revenue laws.

Maine has become a separate immigration district. Since 1903 the state has been under the jurisdiction of the Boston office. The change has been approved by W. W. Hubbard, commissioner-general of immigration through the efforts of United States Senator Frederick Hale and the chamber of commerce.

SCOUR HILLS FOR COAL ROW DEAD

Troops Told to Bring in Wounded;
Miners Report Number
of Bodies in Woods.

GROUP SEEK HIDDEN ARMS

General Bandholtz Recommends to
Washington Return of Camp Dix
Units — Governor Promises No
"Slackerism" in Trying Rioters.

Madison, W. Va. — Strong detachments, acting under orders from field headquarters here, scoured the mountains along the Boone-Logan line for the bodies of men reported to have been killed in the fighting between state and committee forces on one side and armed men on the other. They were also instructed to bring in such wounded as might be located.

Miners who came into Madison reported that a number of bodies were still in the woods. Army officers said they told conflicting stories, and while they did not believe many, if any, bodies were still there, an exhaustive search would be made.

Other detachments were sent to Spruce Fork ridge to search for hidden arms and ammunition. Many men who have arrived here from that section were unarmed, which led military authorities to suspect that all arms and ammunition were not being surrendered, as ordered.

Little Coal River Valley, from Madison to the lately disturbed area, was quiet and fast returning to normal. Federal soldiers continued to hold the posts established on the east side of the mountains, while other federal forces were just over the ridge in Logan county.

That practically all the men who lately were in arms in the mountains had left the region and returned to their homes was indicated by reports made to Colonel C. A. Martin, commanding. At headquarters it was estimated July 1,500 credited with having been in the disturbed area had passed through Madison during the past thirty-six hours on their way home.

The morning train from Blair, one of the mining villages nearest the late point of disturbance, brought only a few on their way to St. Albans, the junction point with the main line on the Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad. They were searched by the military and a few pistols and cartridges found.

Majistrate Fulton Mitchell, who was held prisoner in the mounting and later released to the military, went to Jeffrey.

A man whose name was not announced also was released by the military. "Radical literature," the military said, had been found in his possession. Questioned by officers, the man had said the documents were given to him by another man while they were in the mountains last week, and he didn't know what it was.

Charleston, W. Va.—Taking advantage of the quiet situation in West Virginia mining regions where fighting occurred between miners and state and county forces, Brigadier General H. H. Bandholtz left military headquarters for an inspection of the affected territory. The general and staff left by motor car for St. Albans, where he boarded a train bound up the Coal River Valley.

Before leaving, General Bandholtz told all parts of the affected mining zone were very quiet. The situation was apparently settled itself into one of police duty in the hills of Boone and Logan counties, according to officers at army headquarters. "Troops pushed into the fastnesses of Spruce Fork Ridge, searching the ground for missing arms and for any evidence of buried bodies. During the fighting there were reports that numbers of miners killed were buried in the woods."

There is still no definite list of the number of casualties as a result of last week's shooting. Permits are not required in country districts to make interments. It was said, and for this reason no official list of dead can be made. The number of persons killed is not believed to have been large.

The submarine K-4 brought to New London, Ct., the crew of the three-masted schooner Can Rien of La Hava, N. S., which was sunk in collision with the submarine off Block Island. Officers of the submarine said the vessels collided in a dense fog. The schooner sank quickly, but all of her crew were rescued.

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NEW ENGLAND NEWS IN TABLOID FORM

Items of Interest From All
Sections of Yankeeland

Marjorie Edwards, year and a half old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Edwards, of Springfield, Mass., fell from a third story window of her home and was found to be unhurt after examination.

The application of New Haven, Ct., Jitney bus owners for an injunction to prevent state, county and city officials from enforcing the new state jitney bus law has been denied by the three federal judges who heard the appeal.

A loan of \$8,000,000 by the government to the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad Company, to aid the company in meeting \$8,226,253 in maturing indebtedness and for additions and betterments of \$1,785,070 has been approved by the Interstate commerce commission.

Hula hula and hooch dances are under the ban of the department of safety as "entertaining" features of fairs as a result of orders received by the state police at 476 Main St., Worcester, Mass., from Col. A. F. Foote, commander of the department, who declares these and like dances immoral and of little benefit to anyone. Col. Foote has also placed his stamp of disapproval on traveling bands of gypsies, who offer to tell fortunes by card, trance or palm. He says too many complaints of picked pockets have been traced to them.

413,000 IDLE IN ITALY

Increase of 163,000 Since May 1,
Says Commerce Report.

Washington.—Commercial Attache Henry C. McLean has cabled the Department of Commerce from Rome, Italy, that the total unemployment in that country on August 1 was estimated at 413,000 of which 315,000 were men, and 98,000 women. This includes all classes of workers. Metal workers, textile and building industries are the ones apparently most affected.

Two escaped insane patients from the Grafton State Hospital, Worcester, Mass., broke into the store of Thomas Purritt, and were captured a short time later by patrolmen, a short distance from the store. The men gave their names as William Sheehan, 30, and John McInnes, 27. Both were returned to the institution.

The division of fisheries and game of the department of conservation of Massachusetts announces that until Nov. 30 an open season will prevail for the hunting of rails, a species of small ducks feeding along the inland ponds and rivers. The daily bag limit is fixed at 25, except in the case of the Sora species of the bird, in which 50 may be bagged.

Cyrus Clark, the oldest man in Concord, Mass., informally celebrated the 94th anniversary of his birth, at his home on the old Clark farm, Estabrook road. The fact that it was his birthday did not hinder Mr. Clark from doing his usual work on the large farm which he continues to run, with the help of one hired man, except during the haying season.

Miss Martha W. Pierce, 22, a jewelry worker at a Plainville, Mass., factory, was held up and robbed of her pay envelope containing \$30 while driving home to luncheon. With her feet bound by a strap and her hands tied behind her back, she drove her horse and buggy into the yard of Farmer William Jackson, holding the reins between her teeth.

Representative Paul H. Hines of South Boston sent a letter to Eugene C. Hullman, chairman of the Massachusetts Commission on the Necessaries of Life, calling his attention to the milk situation in Boston. Representative Hines states that "the people of Boston are sick and tired of paying 15 cents for milk while their neighbors in the Western part of the State are paying seven cents."

Mayor Charles S. Ashley of New Bedford, announces his unalterable decision not to run for Mayor this Fall. He says he needs a rest from politics and that he has banking and insurance interests to which he will devote himself. Mayor Ashley has been a political figure for 25 years. He is serving his 22nd term as Mayor. He has been a candidate for 26 times with four defeats. He holds the world's record for a long term as Mayor.

CONDENSED CLASSICS
UNCLE TOM'S CABIN
HARRIET BEECHER STOWE
Condensation by John Kendrick Bangs

IT WAS in the days when African slavery flourished under the free skies of America. Evil times had befallen the house of Shelby, and pressing debt required the sacrifice of a portion of the holdings of the Kentucky planter in human chattels. Uncle Tom instead of the freedom that had been promised him as the reward of a lifetime of devoted service found himself torn from wife, home and children, transferred to the hands of an unscrupulous trader, and consigned to the terror-ridden slave-markets of the lower Mississippi. So trusted had the black man been that numerous avenues of escape lay open to him. Of one of these, in the dead of winter, over the ice-bound waters of the Ohio river, by the "underground" to Sandusky, and thence to freedom in Canada, the mulatto-girl Eliza, and her son who had been sold at the same time, had availed themselves. But Tom's fidelity to his master was too strong, and fearing to involve him in further difficulties he bravely faced the miseries of the future.

"I am in the Lord's hands," said he to those who tried to persuade him to escape, "and there'll be the same God there that there is here."

"Well, it's a nasty mean shame, Tom!" sobbed his master's son George, as he bade the old slave farewell. "But remember—some day I'll come down and buy you back."

The voyage down the Mississippi with the slave-gang to which Tom was attached was filled with scenes and episodes of woe and tragedy, but Tom found relief from sorrow in the companionship of a fellow-passenger, a fairy-like little girl, full of the smiling spirit of play, who fascinated by Tom's unusual dexterity in the making of strange toys dear to the hearts of children, clung to him as to an old and beloved friend.

"Where are you going, Tom?" she asked one day.

"I dunno, Missy," said Tom. "Reck-on I'm going to be sold to somebody—but I dunno who."

"Well, my father can buy you," said she, "and I'll ask him to this very day."

"Thank you, my little lady," smiled Tom, gratefully.

And his "little lady" she soon became, for the brave black woman little Eva's life back from the swirling waters of the Mississippi into which she had fallen, and in sheer gratitude for her deliverance the child's father, Augustine St. Clare, bought him from the trader.

The scene now changes to New Orleans, where in a beautiful home, in daily comradeship with his little mistress, Tom for a time was happy. St. Clare, his new master, was kindly and sympathetic, and while of an easy-going disposition a dawning consciousness of the iniquity of slavery had come into his soul, a consciousness confirmed and accentuated by his daily contemplation of the nobility of heart of the faithful Tom. Two years of this unlooked-for happiness passed away, and once more Tom was face to face with misfortune. His flower-like little companion, growing daily more and more fragile, herself in spite of her years envying and depressed by the wickedness of the system of slavery which not only destroyed the souls of the oppressed, but debased the character of the oppressors, finally died. Heart-broken over his loss St. Clare found comfort only in the companionship of the equally heart-broken Tom, and one day in a sudden surge of gratitude he promised the old man his freedom, but the light of joy that shone in Tom's face when he heard the promise disconcerted him.

"You haven't had such a bad time here that you should be so glad to leave me," he said sadly.

"Tain't leavin' ye, Marce St. Clare," said Tom, "it's leavin' free that I'm a-join' in."

But it was not to be. The easy-going nature of St. Clare caused him to delay Tom's emancipation papers, and one night trying to separate two drunken brawlers intent upon killing each other St. Clare was himself stabbed to death; and in the settlement of his estate Tom once more found himself at the auction-block.

Enter now one Simon Legree, a master of far different type from Shelby and St. Clare. A brute, and a drunkard. A beast whose place was an insult to womanhood. A fiend who prided himself upon his inflexible brutality, and with brutish satisfaction showed to all who would look, his knuckles calloused with the blows he had inflicted upon the helpless. To him by virtue of length of purse fell Tom who now tasted the tragic dregs of the cup of slavery. The manifest contrast between his own crass brutality and the high-minded character of his chattel aroused the envious wrath of his new owner, who endeavored by every wicked expedient possible to break Tom's spirit, and his unalterable faith in divine guidance, and protection. Furtively he watched him at work, hoping to find a flaw, but in vain; but one day he found the way. He ordered Tom to flog a woman-slave who was guilty of the shortcoming attributed to her, and for the first time in his career Legree was denied. Tom refused. Legree's answer was a blow upon Tom's cheek.

"What?" he roared in his rage. "Ye dare tell me ye won't, ye blasted black beast?"

"I'll do first," Tom replied, simply. "Well, here's a pious dog—a saint—a gentleman!" sneered Legree. "Didn't ye ever read in your Bible, Servants obey your Masters? And ain't I your Master? Didn't I pay twelve hundred dollars cash for ye, and ain't ye mine, body and soul?"

"No, Marce Legree," replied Tom, through the tears and blood that coursed down his cheeks. "My soul ain't yours! It's been bought and paid for by one that is able to keep it. Ye may kill my body, but ye can't harm my soul."

Now, according to the nature of his kind Legree was superstitious, and while his hatred increased, he began to fear in the presence of his fearless possession. In Tom's presence what passed for a conscience was aroused within him. Some of the unspeakable crimes of which in his lustful gratifications, and through his murderous instincts, he had been guilty began to prey upon him. Dark things had happened in the decayed old mansion in which Legree dwelt, and in communion with the ignorant blacks by whom he was surrounded Legree began to have fears, accentuated by the delirium of drink, of impending visitations by ghosts. Taking advantage of these fears, his one-time mistress, Cassie, a woman of subtle powers, herself a slave, conspired with Emaline, an attractive mulatto whom Legree was endeavoring to install in her place, to destroy his peace of mind, and ultimately himself by means of wretched appearances and weird sounds in the garret of the old mansion. Pretending to escape through the swamps, eluding their pursuers, they returned to the house, and lay hid there for days, working their soul-stirring stratagem upon the worried Legree. Legree at the head of a pursuing party made up of negroes and blood hounds sought the missing woman in the swamps and forests by which his isolated plantation was surrounded, but in vain; and in the rage of failure, believing him to have been party to the escape, he turned upon Tom.

"Well, ye black beast," he roared, in a paroxysm of baffled rage, "I've made up my mind to kill ye."

"Very likely, Marce Legree," replied Tom, calmly.

"Unless ye tell me what ye know about these yer gals," said Legree.

"I hain't got nothin' to tell, Marce," said Tom.

"Don't ye dare tell me that ye don't know, ye old black Christian," cried Legree in angry contempt, striking him furiously.

"Yes—I know, Marce," said Tom, "but I can't tell anything. I can die." "Hark ye, Tom," roared Legree, in a terrible voice. "This time I mean what I say. I'll conquer ye, or I'll kill ye! I'll count every drop of blood in your body till you give up."

"Marce," said Tom, "if you was sick, or in trouble, or dyin', and it would save ye, I'd give ye my heart's blood, and I'd takin' every drop of blood in this poor old body of mine would save your precious soul, I'd give 'em freely as the Lord gave his for me. Do the worst ye can. My troubles will soon be over, but if ye don't repent, yours won't never end!"

For a moment Legree stood against a wall in silence by Tom's absolutely fearless reliance upon his faith, but only for a moment. There was one hesitating pause, and the spirit of evil within him, defied, rose with seven-fold vengeance. Fanning with rage he struck his victim to the ground and gave him over to be flogged to ribbons.

Two days later George Shelby, Tom's boy-friend from Kentucky, now grown to manhood, appeared to fulfill his promise of redemption, but he came too late. Tom lay dying of his wounds.

"I've come to take you home," said George, tears falling from his eyes as he bent over his old friend.

"Bless the Lord—it's Marce George!" cried Tom, as he opened his eyes, bewildered. "They haven't forgot me! They haven't forgot me! Now I shall die content."

At this moment Legree snatched in, and looked on carelessly.

"The old Satan!" cried George, in his indignation. "It's a comfort to think the Devil will pay him for this some of these days."

"Hush, Marce George!" said Uncle Tom. "Don't feel so. He ain't done me no real harm—only opened the gates of heaven for me—that's all."

The sudden flush of strength died away. A sense of sinking came over him, and he closed his eyes. His broad chest rose and fell heavily. The expression of his face was that of a conqueror.

"Who—who shall separate us from the love of Christ?" he whispered in a voice that contended with mortal weakness, and with a smile on his lips he fell asleep.

"Witness, Eternal God," said George Shelby, as he knelt beside the body of his departed friend. "O, witness from this hour, I will do what one man can do to drive this curse of slavery from my land."

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His Desires.

The manager of the Indiana Masonic home overheard a group of small boys from the home discussing what they desired to be when they grew to be men. One insisted he would be a Mason, another a Shriner and another had ambitions to be a Noble of the Mystic Shrine, but five-year-old Jack, drum major in the home band, said:

"No, I do not want to be any of those."

"What?" the others replied. "Don't want to be a Shriner or Mason or Noble; why, what do you want to be?" He drew himself up and replied proudly, "Well, I'll tell you what. I want to be a poppetate."—Indianapolis News.

Miss Quicksilver's Choice
By MARTHA MACWILLIAMS
(© 1921, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"May I?" Arketh asked unsteadily, leaning almost shyly toward Clare. She shook her finger at him, smiling and saying: "Naughty! Naughty! Pretending not to know the first rudiments of the game."

"What game?" Arketh demanded, possessing himself of an adorable small hand and sitting appreciably closer.

"Why, being engaged!" Clare fung back at him with a smile of dainty malice. Then nestling a yellow bead in the hollow of his shoulder: "Poor little man! Ought to have fallen in love with a nice Miss Pinky Prim, instead of Miss Quicksilver. That was my school name, so I have to keep on living up to it."

"I hate Pinky Prims," Arketh half-whispered, slipping his arm about her. "I have to hate everything that isn't you. But, dear, being engaged is no game to me. Rather the finest, most sacred thing in life."

"Oh! me! me!" Clare cried, suddenly erect. "Now, tell me, right straight, what story book that came out of. I thought you didn't read story books. I see I have much to find out about you."

"I rarely do read story books," Arketh confessed. "What I did need to read it. I said the thing I know."

Clare had been laughing softly. Now her lips shut in a straight, tight line. Looking full in her face one might have said she was both shamed and frightened. Arketh did not look; he could not, with his lips buried in her soft, scented hair. She had gone to his head at their first meeting, six weeks back. Shortly after she had gone straight to his heart, never to leave it, he was sure, however his wooing might speed.

She was different, adorably different, from all he had ever known. His father, crippled by the accident that had left Arketh motherless at five, had been: playmate, comrade, teacher,



"I—Hate Pinky Prims."

friend, to his only child. Life had gone well in the big, handsome home until the master of it slipped away into the great peace.

The end had come so suddenly. Arketh, stunned and desolate, had tried to carry on—to go around the world, as the two of them had planned, against his coming of age. But things had fallen otherwise—handsome annuities had died with his father—leisurely and expensive living before settling down would mean an impairment of his patrimony. It would be unwise to risk. Then fate had declared trumps in spades—by means of Mexican mining investments. Arketh had spent three years in an almost hopeless effort to save something from the wreck—in reward he had started home with a not inconsiderable salvage, and tarried by the way to visit his father's step-sister, his sole family connection.

She was queen of a rich countryside, also gay, jolly, generous, loving young folk with all her heart—perhaps because she was childless—and forever making her house the pivot of things social. By contrast, the old life of dull comfort, prim respectability and narrow vision appeared to Arketh a prison. It chilled him to think of going back to it—even with Clare. Happiness flooded him at thought of her, always beside him, brightening and sweetening existence; but why tax her unreasonably? Though not rich, he had enough money for a decent beginning anywhere, even though Aunt Lura, who was wild to adopt and make him her heir, might possibly change her mind.

She was kind to Clare in fact and deed—almost too kind, in fact. Yet, intangibly he felt her attitude of regret over, rather than hostility to, his choice. He had not told her outright—had not dared to tell anybody, hardly even himself, until his ring was safe on a rosy-tipped finger. Now, in the lull of the moment, he wanted to shout, to cry aloud his happiness to all the world. Instead he caught his sweetheart in a smothering embrace, asking in a shaken voice: "Darling, when will we be married?"

"Right now," Clare said, sitting up suddenly rigid. "So I can't change my mind; I'm dreadfully lazy, you see, and making it up is hard work."

"I'd like the job of making it up for

you—shall we say next week?" Arketh began. She stood up, raised both her hands above her head, and answered almost solemnly: "As you choose. But somehow I—I feel it must be now or never."

"Be ready at eight in the morning. I shall be here then with the minister, the license and Aunt Lura," Arketh cried joyously. Clare put her hands upon his shoulders, but dropped visibly as she answered: "I shan't feel safe until we are in your old home. Promise to take me there straight away!"

If Arketh was amazed then, his bewilderment increased when he told Aunt Lura of Clare's speech. She had sat speechless throughout his tempestuous telling, but wide-eyed, hands clenched hard. When he had finished she kissed him, saying in a voice full of tears: "My boy—you must know how sorry I am, but after all, the girl may have a conscience—and—make you happy."

Pled as he might she would say nothing more. "I am going with you, that should be explanation enough." She greeted him in the morning. Neither of them had slept; nor had Clare apparently. She was dead white, with dry, burning eyes; no more Quicksilver, but a figure of dole.

"I dared not hope you could be so kind," she whispered to Aunt Lura, under cover of her stepmother's babbling.

"Scandalous—perfectly disgraceful—marring this way with no word to anybody," said Mrs. Clifton. "And with no clothes, nor cakes, nor bride-maids. Why, everybody would talk for a year." Crushing—that was the word for it—she never expected to hold her head up again.

Notwithstanding, the lady wore a satisfied air, yet delayed matters a full quarter of an hour with utterly useless arrangements. No, it wouldn't do to use the living room, the hall was so much statelier. She had already trimmed it with all the chrysanthemums in the garden, not to name ferns. Then she had to fix her hair properly. Wasn't she to give away the bride? Altogether she got everybody's temper on edge by the time the wedding party was placed to her satisfaction.

The minister had just opened his book when the door was flung wide by a tall, broad-shouldered fellow with a square jaw, a heavy scowl; also a sardonic smile. Two strides brought him facing Clare. He made to seize both her hands, but Arketh shouldered between. The newcomer tried to swing him about, saying the while: "No need of a roughhouse. Clare knows she is never going to marry anybody but me."

Next minute he found himself propelled steadily, not violently but irresistibly, toward the door. Not for naught had Arketh wrestled with ore sacks and mule equipment. Three inches lower, he had yet more power by half than the intruder.

"Get out unless you had rather be kicked out!" he said, his voice steely.

Mrs. Clifton screamed and made a pretense of fainting. Clare stood immovable, but color had flowed back to her cheeks, her eyes were human, her lips almost smiling.

"Let me speak first," she cried to Arketh. "Afterward you may not want to send him away. For three years," swallowing hard, "I have let Arle Reed play at love-making with me. He had—ye jags—something inside that—that makes me seem to love him, while I know I hate him. I knew he had come home; that is why I—"

She stopped, biting her lips. Arketh set the intruder spinning down the steps, then turned to the minister, saying as he caught Clare's hand: "Please be brief; we have to catch a train for home."

Great Piano Maker.

Henry E. Steinsway, American piano manufacturer, was born in Germany in February, 1797. He learned organ building and piano making and established a business at Seesen, near the Harz mountains, but emigrated to the United States in 1840, and with his three sons was employed in various piano factories in New York. In 1833 he founded the firm of Steinsway & Sons; and in 1855 exhibited a square piano in which the American iron frame was combined with an overstrung scale, the first example of the Steinsway system. About 1860 the Steinsways began to make upright pianos. Their instruments exhibited at the Universal exhibition of 1867 became models for continental manufacturers, while later improvements have enabled the firm to take rank with the famous older makers of Europe. Mr. Steinsway died in New York in 1871.

Giving It the Test.

"What are you doing with that old padlock?"

"I'm pouring it full of that new hair-dye of yours."

"What for?"

"The advertisement said to 'try it on a single lock!'"

Tough Luck!

The very tasteful person came crawling out from under the ruins of her home after the earthquake.

"And in spite of all my great care in decorating, at last my walls, ceiling and furniture have clashed," she sobbed.

Small Orphan Traveled Far.

Her baggage consisting of two letters, dealing with her father's war record, three-year-old Winifred Josephine McKinley passed through Port Arthur, Ontario, recently on the Canadian Pacific on the way to her uncle's home in Swift Current, Saskatchewan. From her faraway home in Glasgow, Scotland, to the Canadian West, more than 4,000 miles, the little orphan had only the kindly directions of train and steamship officials to guide her.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

HOW TO FIGURE COST OF CROPS
Farmer Enabled to Compute for Himself Expense of Producing Various Crops.
REQUIREMENTS OF EACH CROP

If Precise Records Are Not Available on Labor and Material Expenses Close Estimate Can Be Made of That Section.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Figures from which the farmer can compute for himself the cost of production of corn, corn for silage, wheat, oats, and hay, under given conditions, are presented in a preliminary report on labor and material requirements of those crops, recently issued by the United States Department of Agriculture. These figures cover the normal hours of man labor and horse labor, and quantities of seed, fertilizers, etc., required per acre for each crop, as determined by surveys by the office of farm management and farm economics.

Apply Basic Factors.

The money cost is found by applying to these basic factors the current rates for labor, seed, etc. Inasmuch as it has been found that, in general, labor and material costs approximate 60 per cent of the total operating cost for these crops, it is easy to find this total when the labor and material costs are known.

The figures given represent average crop requirements for the regions where investigations have been made. If the farmer does not have precise records of labor and material expenditures for his own farm, he can estimate them pretty closely by taking the average for his own region as a basis and applying current rates for labor and materials, with due allowance for any unusual conditions that may exist in his own case. The method of computation is as follows:

1. Determine the total cost of labor and material per acre by applying current rates to the quantities of labor and materials obtained from the individual's own records, or, if such are not available, use those given in the table.

2. Determine the total operating expense per acre by dividing the cost of labor and material by the percentage figure given for each region.

3. Determine the total acre cost of production by adding the interest charge or the cash rent paid for the use of land.

4. To determine the cost per bushel or ton divide the total acre cost by the yield per acre.

The following example shows how this method worked out in figuring the cost of corn for silage on an Iowa farm:

	Estimated	Cost
Man-hours	71.9	\$2.35
Horse-hours	61.8	\$5.18
Seed, pounds	5.0	.08
Fertilizer, tons	2.2	2.00
Gasoline, gallons	2.5	.25
Coal, pounds	14	.06
Twine, pounds	2.5	.25
Total labor and material (\$5 per cent of operating expense)		\$5.57
Total operating expense (100 per cent)		\$9.93
Interest on 1 acre of land (\$100 at 6 per cent)		12.00
Total cost		\$21.93
Average yield per acre, 9.4 tons		
Average cost per ton, \$2.33		

VARIOUS CLUBS GOING GOOD

Reports of Returns of Work Done by Boys and Girls With Poultry and Other Lines.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Supervision of boys' and girls' poultry clubs by the United States Department of Agriculture, in co-operation with state agricultural colleges, was continued during the last fiscal year in seven states, where there were 1-



Canning Club Girls Inspecting a Club Garden.

186 clubs with 29,450 members, of which 12,730 made reports from which the following totals have been compiled: Eggs set, 731,709; chicks hatched, 510,478; value of products sold, \$94,701.32; value of stock on hand, \$382,277.37; exhibits sold, 712; members exhibiting, 5,615; prizes received, \$9,081.11. A feature of progress was the improvement in quality of fowls bred by club members.

Superiority of Oil Over Coal.

The amazing increase in the use of oil for fuel is not surprising when it is considered that weight for weight and with proper burners the oil gives 50 per cent more steam than coal. It is easier than coal to handle, it obviates dust and dirt, makes little smoke and no ashes and can be lighted instantly and controlled absolutely.

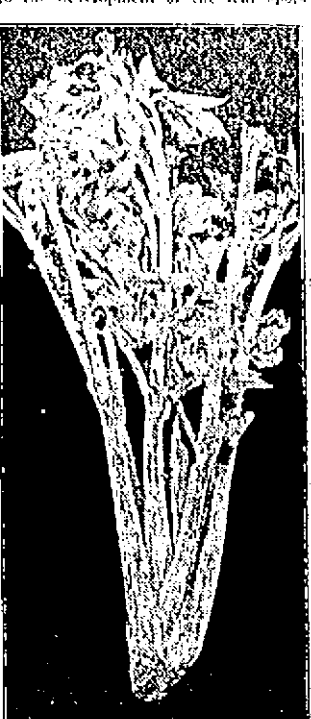
SPRAYING CELERY TO PREVENT LEAF SPOTS

Application of Bordeaux Mixture Is Recommended.

Treatment Should Continue Throughout Growing Season and More Especially in Moist, Cool Weather—Apply With Pump.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Celery plants should be sprayed with Bordeaux mixture every ten days to two weeks to prevent leaf diseases, which often seriously injure the crop for market purposes. These leaf spots occur generally in celery-growing districts in the United States during cool, moist weather. Home-made Bordeaux, composed of 4 pounds bluestone (copper sulphate) and 4 pounds stone lime to 50 gallons of water, is the cheapest and best fungicide for the purpose. The spraying should be begun while the plants are still in the seed bed and continued throughout the season. The sprays should be more frequent during moist, cool weather favorable to the development of the leaf spots.



Healthy Stalk of Celery.

and further apart in dry, hot periods. Apply the mixture thoroughly with a pump which will give a very fine misty spray that will cover the plants but not run down the stalks and thus disfigure the stems.

Since the disease is carried over winter on the seed and in the soil where diseased celery was grown the previous year, it is important that new soil be used in the seed bed or the old soil sterilized by steam, hot water or formalin solution and that disease-free seed be planted.

DON'T CROWD GROWING CHICK

Where Space Is Limited Youngsters Become Overheated, Causing Outbreak of Colds.

Growing chicks must not be confined to crowded quarters at night. If they are, they will become overheated and this, in turn, will lead to the development of colds of which it is very difficult to rid the flock and which may be carried along through the summer and fall, causing a serious outbreak of colds in the laying flocks the following winter.

How can one tell whether or not the chickens have enough room? One of the best indications is the condition of the plumage. If the plumage is bright and clean it is a good sign that the birds are doing well and have room enough. If the plumage is soiled by droppings, it is an indication that there is not room enough for all of them on the roosts, with the result that some are compelled to rest on the floor beneath the roosts and thus become soiled.

A trip to the growing houses after dark will also determine whether enough room is being provided. If there is not space enough so that all the chickens can find room on the roosts, the quarters are too crowded and some of the chickens must be taken out. If all can find room on the roosts comfortably and if the house is well ventilated, the quarters are not crowded and the youngsters should do well.

CONCRETE FLOORS ARE BEST

Promote and Protect Health of All Farm Animals and Increase Profits for Farmer.

A concrete barnyard makes a fine exercise lot in all kinds of weather and always affords a dry spot for the animals' bed. Every shower washes the surface clean and flushes the droppings into the manure pits. Concrete yards lighten the work of the housewife, as there is no mud to be tracked on the walks and kitchen floor. The use of rubber boots is unnecessary. On concrete floors not a particle of grain need be wasted. The way to the water trough is always dry, smooth and passable. Concrete floors promote and protect the health of farm animals and increase the profits of farming, stock raising and dairying.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children In Use For Over 30 Years Always bears the Signature of J. C. Ayer & Co.

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WATER

ALL PERSONS desiring of having water introduced into their residences or places of business should make application to the office, Marlborough Street, near Thames.

Office Hours from 8 a. m. to 5 p. m.

MR. JINKS WAS DISCOURAGED

With All His Hard Work on "Flivver,"
All He Could Do Was Make
the Horn Squawk.

Mr. Jinks has been the proud possessor of a brand-new flivver for nearly three weeks, and his precious treasure is never far from his thoughts. Every moment he can spare is devoted to polishing its glossy coat or tinkering with its vitals in the effort to discover the cause of its occasional spells of maulish balkiness.

The other night—about two o'clock—Mrs. Jinks was awakened by terrific yowls emitted by the family cat. Now the cat was a peaceful pussy and not at all given to nocturnal vocal demonstrations. Imagine Mrs. Jinks' astonishment when she arose and discovered her husband sitting on the edge of the bed, vigorously twisting the cat's tail round and round.

"John," she protested, resenting her pet with some difficulty, "what on earth are you doing?"

Mr. Jinks was evidently in a somnambulistic state, for he scratched his head and responded sleepily:

"Sh! won't go, honny; sh! simply won't go. I've cranked an' cranked an' th' horn squawks, an' I think all. Guess 'I have' sent 'er up fer repairs. Somethin' 'a' m' matter w'z'er magnet. 'S'arn shame, an' ain't paid fer yet, even!"—From Nuggets.

DOG RECOGNIZED ITS HOME

Even at Sea, and at Some Distance,
Animal Knew Destroyer to
Which It Belonged.

Except for the serial numbers painted boldly on the bow, most persons have the greatest difficulty in recognizing one of the 300 destroyers in the United States navy from another, but there is a dog aboard the destroyer Schenck No. 150 which seems to have far more than human intelligence.

This dog—of no particular breed—has been aboard the Schenck for about two years.

Officers aboard the Schenck are told in the story of how, not long ago, when the vessel went from Pensacola to Guantanamo, the dog was lost. He could not be found when the time for departure arrived, although the crew had been searching the town for him for almost two hours.

It developed that the dog, after the Schenck departed, reached another destroyer and went to sea with them.

During the voyage the two destroyers passed well out to sea. The dog was on the bridge and barked so loudly that he attracted the attention of the Schenck.

Royalty in a Freight Yard.

Lieutenant Commander Hugo W. Kiebler in the World's Work says:

Our nearest neighbors in a squalid out-freight yard where we took up quarters in Novorossisk were the former president of the Vladikavkaz railroad, the best system in Russia, who, with his children and grandchildren, occupied one small coach. The Grand Duchess Marie Pavlovna with members of her former suite and their families, also had a single coach, while her son, the Grand Duke Andrei, with his son of obdurate indifference and said son's mother, a famous ballerina in her day, likewise lived for months in a tiny railroad coach on the opposite side of our mudhole. The grand duchess was a charming lady, nor did the terror of her situation and the utter equality of our surroundings take the whit from her delightful sense of humor and her quality of one grande dame.

Famous Grove Disappearing.

Mexican children gathering firewood are slowly wiping out a clump of cottonwood trees northwest of Juarez, Mex., across the Rio Grande from El Paso, Tex., which has been known as "Peace Grove" because it was there that Gen. Francisco I. Madero agreed to a series of armistices which preceded the end of his revolution. Approximately 25 trees marked the historical spot in 1911. Today, it is said, less than half this number survive the raids of the children sent to search for fuel. The grove won its name in 1911 when Madero led his troops against the Jarez federal garrison, which remained loyal to President Porfirio Diaz. The commander of the garrison, Gen. Madero arranged several armistices under the trees of the grove.

Oil as Leprosy Cure.

So successful has Dr. P. Hooper been in the Fiji Islands in the treatment of leprosy with chaulmoogra oil, that reports to the Journal of Tropical Medicine and Hygiene (London) in the years 1918 and 1919 23 patients were discharged on parole, of whom one returned, and he now has six who are apparently cured and ready for discharge.

Dr. Hooper believes that all cases of skin leprosy and some of the other forms can be cured by intradermal injections of chaulmoogra oil, or failure depending largely on how early the treatment begins.



Blue Serge Suit Model With White Braid and Blue Beads and a Charming Satin Dress Worn Recently by a French Actress.

ON STYLE CARD AS FALL NEARS

Interesting Fashions Offered by
Paris Dressmakers for
Autumn Wear.

DESIGNERS AIM TO PLEASE

Originators of Modes Endeavor to
Devise Newest Notes That Will
Satisfy Both France
and America.

Despite the mushroom success of new tailors and dressmakers in Paris who have brought out certain simple types and popularized them to an almost unheard of extent, many women, writes a Paris fashion correspondent, now are ordering their clothes from houses that have held to their own definite types through all these changes in fashion.

Madeleine Vionnet, who only a short time ago might have been termed an outsider in the great dressmaking circles, has impressed both France and America very deeply with her simple floating panel styles and handkerchief drapery, but as women continually demand varying types the opportunity is not lacking for the success of a variety of styles. This gives a house like Jeanne Lanvin an opportunity to keep her definite types.

One model is a box coat suit in blue serge marked off in little squares with white braid and blue beads. It has the high frilled collar and jabot which continue to find favor. Lanvin has for some time been a strong advocate of these short, youthful-looking jackets, as well as all sorts of frilled high collars and fluffy jabot effects.

Designer's Mark Always Present.

It is a very good thing for clothes in general that the great makers hold definitely to ideas that are distinctly their own. The designing and making of dress is a great deal of a gamble, the past two years have shown very plainly that there is no telling when a very simple thing may meet with an almost over-night success.

If all the dressmakers in Paris had followed Vionnet's lead and made her type of dress because it was the best seller for the time being, they would have lost their cachet completely and would have been practically nowhere when the wave of enthusiasm over this particular style had died down, as it certainly must.

Of course, they cannot always hold to a definite type. No designer can do this and be a success. New themes or variations of successful old ones must be continually worked out.

Flowing Sleeve and High Collar.

The same holds true of those who do not design clothes, but import to America the works of the various great French makers. They must permit their own taste to prevail in making their choice. For instance, it was all very well to bring over those unique models from Madeleine et Madeleine which had the waistlike placed at the knees, if one desired to show great novelty, but it was not reasonable to suppose that the women of this country or any other, no matter how capricious they might be, were likely to adopt such a fantastic style.

There are two outstanding features of the Lanvin clothes which are noticeable in dress at the present time—the flowing sleeve of greater length than those used heretofore and the high collar. The former might be termed a fashion which is thoroughly crystallized and the latter a strong fashion tendency.

Sleeves open at the top to reveal almost the entire arm are featured in one frock. It was created by Lan-

vin for a well-known French actress to wear in a recent production. The material used is a soft black satin. This is only one of the many indications that the more lustrous materials will vie with dull silks this autumn. Perhaps they will surpass them in popular favor. It is too early to know but it is certainly safe to predict that they will be used extensively. Many handsome models of shiny silks will be seen at the autumn openings. It will then remain for women to take their choice, but it is very likely that the public will have tried to a great extent of the dull dash and the crepe weave in silks.

Lanvin always has been an originator of most interesting embroideries. Recently she has been working out some extraordinary effects through entirely new means. For instance, she uses flannel tinted in lovely color tones and applies it to the frock to give the effect of embroidered panels.

Some New Trimming Effects.

In a charming suit this effect has been achieved through the use of the white braid and blue beads. One cannot imagine this maker departing entirely from embroideries or embroidered effects, as work of this sort has been raised to the eminence of a fine art in her work rooms and no amount of study and effort spared to produce the best in this line.

Children, too, have their fashions nowadays and their clothes are reflecting an amount of study and attention which would have astonished makers of children's clothes a few years ago. Great designers have discovered the artistic possibilities that lie in these little garments. Consequently they are infinitely more attractive than in the days when they did not differ from the dresses of their elders and when little babies' dresses were miniature duplicates of their mothers' frocks, or even within the last decade, when clothes for little people were just plain and useful.

Of course, the best children's clothes are simple. It is impossible to overdo simplicity in them. And no matter how simple, they may have some special interest of design or trimming, as do those of grownups.

We have in great abundance the frills, flounces and fichus of a hundred years ago in dresses for future debutantes, but the very smartest thing is the chemise dress of white or some delicately colored French voile with a bit of hand needlework adorning it.

Styles Seen at the Races.

The lovely summer days brought out a large attendance at the race courses. All of the week days are more chic than the Sundays and it is on bright, sunny afternoons at Longchamps, Anteuil Saint Cloud, Maisons Laiffite and Vincennes that the smart Parisienne has an opportunity to display her latest extravaganzas.

Among the novelties noted are plain cape wraps which are nothing more than big, straight scarfs, as wide as they are long, thrown across the shoulders.

Too much emphasis cannot be laid upon the continued popularity of the cape and the continued use of monkey fur as a trimming on every form of summer wrap for both day and evening wear.

The Rose Family.

The rose family includes most of our best fruits, such as the apple, cherry, plum, pear, almond, peach, nectarine, apricot, strawberry, raspberry and similar fruits.

An Unlucky Citizen.

"He's so unlucky," said the Billville citizen, "that if his house was ter ketch fire, he'd lose his life tryin' to save a last year's almanac!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Completely Educated.

"Mrs. Brooks says she has no longer any fault to find with her husband." "Meaning, I suppose, that she long ago found all the faults he has."—American Legion Weekly.

GERMAN NOBLES NO LONGER STRUT

Sons of Kaiser Become Models
of Self-Effacement.

HOHENZOLLERNS ARE THROUGH

Former Royal Family Eliminated Definitely From German Rule—Even if Country Returned to Monarchical Form of Government No Member of the Former Kaiser's Family Would Be Considered for Job of Ruler—Parade Days Are Gone.

Hoynal peacockery as it appears in Germany today is a first-class study in self-effacement. It must be remembered that they are all there—all those princes and dukes and counts and barons whose names before the war were sprinkled copiously over the journals of many capitals. In the old days they were received everywhere. Hostesses were glad to get them. They were distinguished, good talkers and made excellent dinner party material. Then, too, the names always looked well in the society columns. And now that no mention of them is seen, even in the fatherland, it is only natural to wonder what has become of them and how they are assimilating the principles of life under democratic rule.

One day early in 1920 I went with a friend into Pelzer's restaurant, in Neue Wilhelmstrasse, where one can have uncensored drinks at uncensored hours. Alongside me at the bar, Gordon Stiles writes in the New York Tribune, stood a tall, somewhat dyspeptic-looking individual, who obviously took a great interest in our English conversation. His general appearance was that of an Englishman. He had the trailing, horseshoe mustache of the Briton and the plink roundness which no amount of starvation can knock out of the German was missing.

Yet there were about him certain undeniable Teutonic characteristics. His speech was that of a German aristocrat and when at times he forsook the support of the bar his manner and carriage became purely Prussian.

I asked him to have a drink with me. And he took me up.

Is the Kaiser's Nephew.

"Do you know who dot feller iss?" asked the bartender, after my late companion disappeared.

"No," I said. "Who is he?"

"Dot iss Prinz Albert von Schleswig-Holstein. He's der nephew of der Kaiser by marriage. He ain't got no money no more. He lose it all in der war."

How does he live?

"Oh, dose fellows always live. He got a onkel whin's a duke—der Duke von Schleswig-Holstein. He's der brudder-in-law of der Kaiser an' he got plenty money. He gif Prinz Albert some, I tink."

Ernst Gunther, duke of Schleswig-Holstein, and brother of the late Kaiserin, is the son of Duke Frederick. Despite the loss of his northern estate, he is wealthy. He makes his home in his magnificent castle in Slesin and leaves it only on such occasions as business requires his presence in Berlin.

The duke is a man of medium height, stockily built and erect in carriage. His white hair and beard—aided somewhat by gold-rimmed eyeglasses on a chain—gave him a distinguished and substantial appearance. He uses his glasses mostly for gesturing purposes, through the medium of the right hand.

Well, as I remarked above, the duke was full of troubles when I first saw him. He felt that he was the victim of a rough deal in connection with his Schleswig-Holstein property. Under the plebiscite terms all property owned by the reigning family or by any person who might be in line for the throne was slated for confiscation. And the duke felt that not only was he being treated unfairly by the allied powers, but declared he had been tricked by the Danish government.

His contention was that his estate came in the category of private property owned by a private individual and inasmuch as it had been announced that such property would be respected, he protested vigorously against the pending confiscation.

In the old days the duke was wont to travel with a host of retainers and whole floors at the smartest hotels of many cities were engaged far in advance. Now he contents himself with one secretary and his golfs and comings are as unostentatious as possible.

Kaiser's Sons Muzzled.

Strange as it may seem, less is seen and heard of the Kaiser's three sons remaining in Germany than of other royalty. I think I discovered the explanation of this during a protracted effort to interview Eitel Friedrich. It was explained that, while the prince might not object to expressing his views on current affairs, he virtually had been ordered by the socialist government to keep his mouth shut. He had been told that as long as he did so he would be unmolested, but that if he started airing his opinions for publication he would be placed under surveillance at once and kept there.

As a matter of fact, I do not think Eitel's opinions would be worth much anyway. A fat, fleshy body is topped off by a red, fleshy face, which has about the same amount of expression as a chestnut slab. As near as I can make out, his entire repertoire consists of eating, sleeping, drinking and attending church on Sunday.

Adolf and Oscar also live in Potsdam, but are seldom seen outside a small circle of intimates. Sometimes one or the other of them slips into Berlin for a day, but he does it without the sounding of trumpets and without notifying the communist leaders of his intentions.

They are wise in avoiding the proletariat as much as possible, because the Hohenzollern family has been eliminated definitely from German rule. Even if the country adopted a monarchical form of government, the people's choice of a regent would not fall upon any member of the late reigning family. But it is safe to say that outside of Prussia, 85 per cent of the people wish nothing more to do with kings and emperors. The picture of the Kaiser slipping over the Dutch frontier, leaving his army in the lurch and avoiding the subsequent sufferings which Germany has undergone while he lived in comfort, is still fresh in the mind of the ordinary German.

Upon the attitude of the masses ex-royalty turns a haughty and more or less amused eye. Adversity has not lost to princes and dukes the power of looking at their alleged inferiors in a manner cold, crushing and contemptuous. The look seems to say, "Poor fools! Can't you see that we are only biding our time?" They poke fun at the efforts of the socialists to govern the country and appear to feel that a system more to their liking is bound to come about in time.

A Pseudo-Democrat.

Prince Reuss has plenty of money, derived from large land holdings in south Germany, and most of his time since 1918 has been spent in the gayest resorts of Berlin. I constantly ran upon him in such places as the Palais de Danse, the Hotel Adlon and the exclusive haunts with which Kurfurstendamm is lined.

Generally he is accompanied by a bejeweled woman and drinks great quantities of champagne. But at that he always appears bored and aimless—as if depressed by the futility of life. In common with many ex-imperial officers, Reuss served for a time in the Noske guard, not because he sympathized with the government, but because he knew that the success of the radicals would puncture any monarchistic bubble which might be in the blowing. He was in command of the armored cars when the Bolsheviki were routed in Magdeburg and Braunschweig.

Just before Prince Reuss left the Noske guard he invited me to be his first guest at a new apartment which he had fitted up near Bayerischerplatz, and I went out for coffee one afternoon.

Suddenly he jumped to his feet. "Would you like to see my peace-time uniform?" he said. Almost before I had told him yes he was out of the room. Ten minutes later he rattled into my presence in a perfect blaze of glory. White tunic, trimmed with scarlet, shiny black riding boots, jingling spurs and jeweled sword. He was complete and the uniform was magnificent. Its wearer stomped up and down, looking like another man.

Parade Days Gone.

"Ah," he said. "Those were the days. And we did look smart on parade." He glanced again at the photograph gallery and his voice dropped and filled with emotion as he continued, "But it's gone; it's all gone. What are we now in this green stuff we wear? We look like a 3-ring circus!" He finished with a contemptuous smile.

Prince Reuss has a cousin, Prince Hohenzollern, who, after the downfall of the monarchy, developed into one of the weirdest characters in Berlin. In fact, so weird did he become that last year he took up his abode in a sanatorium where they keep folks under mild restraint, and he still is there, so far as I know.

Hohenzollern up to last summer was a familiar figure at Berlin's fancy gathering places. Once seen he is not forgotten. He is very tall, with no particular breadth, and wears elegant clothes.

Having on an occasion an opportunity to steer his highness up against the despised proletariat, I picked one of the low spots, a little restaurant dance hall, the proprietress of which was a little red-haired woman, whose name was Mary. She once kept a sailors' boarding house in the Argentine, and I think it unnecessary to say more.

In an aside to Mary I explained the rank of my companion and then introduced him. He stiffened up, clicked his heels together, and Mary curtsied so low that I thought she never would rise again. But she did it and later pulled herself together sufficiently to superintend the cooking of some of the best food to be had in Berlin. That was how the prince came to eat.

The wine was good and after awhile the prince asked Mary to dance. She returned from the floor breathless and flustered. "Ach," she said, "to think that little Mary has danced with a prince! Just to think of it!" As for the prince, it was such a treat to see him going through the rollicking and devastating German fox-trot and slapping at his partner with the same look which he might have bestowed upon his executioner, come to lead him to the gallows.

There is a distinct difference between the attitude of German men toward ex-royalty and German women. The former appear to find a grim satisfaction in the downfall of their former superiors. The latter show evidences of a feeling of pity. The average girl is flattered by any attentions bestowed upon her by crashed royals.

All He Could See.

A sharp-tongued, red-faced lawyer was cross-examining a witness as to his sobriety. "You were seen," he began, "entering the Spread Eagle as soon as the doors were open or soon afterward?"

"Yes," replied the witness, "but not to drink."

"What object had you in view then?" asked the lawyer.

"The only object I had in view, sir, as I went in was myself coming out."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

**Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA**

GOT WRONG "GIRL"

One Occasion When Monarch's
Plans Went Wrong.

Might Be Difference of Opinion as to
Whether Joke Was on Frederick
or the Corporal.

Those who read history with an eye to the humorous as well as the impressive, sometimes stumble upon funny and witty happenings in which the great were forced by humble beings or by circumstance to play ludicrous parts, writes Mark Stuyvesant in the Cleveland Plain Dealer. The following incident seems as though it had been designed to swamp with laughter the carefully carried-out and often cruel plans of Frederick William I. of Prussia to have a corps of giant soldiers.

It is said that Frederick's agents searched the world for giants. Haggard, to whom we are indebted for this information, tells us that Frederick paid an Irish giant, who was 7 feet high; the sum of \$8,500 to enlist, a veritable fortune in those days.

But Frederick, who was miserly, disliked to pay such sums even to achieve his ambition for an army of giants. He determined to breed giants as well as to buy them. Whenever he found a tall young woman he had her married to one of his tallest soldiers. No thought of the desires of either was permitted to stand in the way of his ambition. Sometimes Frederick resorted to trickery to bring about his wish.

One day when Frederick was riding in a forest, he came upon a beautiful girl about 6 feet in height. She did not know the king by sight. This Frederick realized when she stopped to talk with her. He well knew the girl could not read, for very few women of his day, even of the highest rank, possessed this accomplishment. So Frederick asked the girl if she would like to earn a thaler or two by carrying a note to the commander of a nearby fortress. She said she would like to have the money. So Frederick wrote a note. It read:

"Instantly have the bearer of this married to Corp. Fritz of the Grenadiers."

The unsuspecting girl took the note and left the king, who continued his way in the opposite direction. Suddenly the girl realized that if she did the errand she would be late to an appointment with her lover. So she hurried to the hut of a withered old woman, gave her half the king's money and the note to deliver. Then this beautiful, stately girl hurried away to meet the man she loved.

When Frederick rode into the fortress that evening, he commanded the woman who had borne the note to be brought before him with her husband. Imagine the shock to the king when he saw the withered old woman, who had been married to the corporal!

Needless to say, the story did not remain a secret in the fortress. It ran the length and breadth of Prussia, and other nations also laughed.

Up-to-Date Barges.

It is a far cry from the Erie canal to the present barge canal of New York state, and just as far from the mule-hauled canal boat to the latest type of self-propelled barges which were recently built to run on the barge canal. These barges, five in number, were built in Duluth, and will be propelled by 140-horsepower direct reversible Diesel engines. They are 220 feet long, 39-foot beam, 10-foot draft, with a displacement of 2,160 tons each. Besides being self-propelled they are all thoroughly equipped with electric auxiliaries, having electric hydraulic steering gear, electric anchor windlasses, and electric capstan. They are all electrically lighted, the electricity for the various purposes for which it is used being provided on each barge by three 10-kilowatt generators, driven by a 15-horsepower Diesel engine. The cargo capacities range from 1,500 to 1,750 tons each, which, to any one who remembers the old canal boats, will give an idea of the type of traffic to be expected on the canal.

Somewhat Over-Particular.

Some of the British miners' families were very particular during the coal strike. In a certain mining village of North Ayrshire, where the strikers' children were being fed by the subscriptions which their parents extorted from the rest of the community, it was found that at the midday meal about 70 per cent of the children refused to take the soup which was offered to them, saying that they preferred bread or tea. The authorities, realizing that they were catering for a very exacting clientele, knew better than to take offense at this rebuff and announced that tea would be served at 5 o'clock, whereupon one starving child exclaimed: "That's nae gude tea me; ma mither's at five!"

Cat Mothers Rabbit.

An interesting case of adoption has occurred on a farm in the humble district of East Lothian, Scotland. A cat, whose kittens had been given away as they were old enough to be removed from the mother, had adopted a young wild rabbit, which she tends and nurses with great care and affection. The cat was in the habit of killing and bringing in young rabbits to feed its kittens, and it is remarkable that she now should show maternal affection towards an animal which hitherto she has regarded as prey.

Knew Source of Pictures.

Guy was out calling with his mother, when he saw a picture of angels on a wall in a home where they were calling. Calling his mother's attention to this picture, he said: "Mother, somebody must have taken a kodak to heaven with them."

Historical and Genealogical Notes and Queries

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1921

NOTES

1780

(Continued from last week)
On Tuesday, the 10th of July, 1780, the French fleet, consisting of 44 sail of men of war and transports, under the command of Admiral de Ternay, having on board 6,000 fine troops, commanded by Lt. Gen. Count de Rochambeau, arrived at Newport from France; they were represented as only the first division, and that a second might be daily expected.

Owing, however, to the British blockade of the French ports, the second division was unable to leave France and therefore never arrived. On the 11th of July the French troops were landed and the fleet moored in the harbor. The forts which defended the town of Newport were put in possession of the French, who remodelled and put them in a situation for defence.

The arrival of the French fleet and army was hailed by the inhabitants with every demonstration of gratitude and joy. On the evening of the 12th of July the town was beautifully illuminated, and thirteen rockets fired in front of the State House.

Major General Heath arrived at Newport on the 12th of July and issued a proclamation inviting the people of this and the neighboring states to furnish the market with fresh provisions and vegetables.

The General Assembly, being in session, a committee was appointed to wait on General Rochambeau and Admiral de Ternay and in behalf of the Assembly present a congratulatory address, which they did, and received from the French commanders animating and satisfactory replies.

A flag of truce arrived at Newport from New York for the purpose of removing the families of some of the loyalists.

Gen. Washington, at the request of the General Assembly of Rhode Island, published a proclamation offering a full pardon to all deserters from the army belonging to that state.

The General Assembly met at Newport for the first time after the evacuation of the Island; they met in September, and the session was held in the Redwood Library.

An act was passed for selling off to the officers and soldiers of this state certain confiscated estates to the amount due them.

An act was passed to ascertain the value of the paper currency at different periods therein mentioned and repealing all laws heretofore made, making continental money a tender.

The number of troops in the United States service from Rhode Island was this year 916.

William Ellery Channing, son of William and Lucy Channing, was born at Newport on the 7th of April, 1780, in the house at the corner of Thames and Ann streets, afterwards the residence of Dr. Center, Dr. Case, etc.

1781

On the 3rd of January, evening, an elegant ball was given by the officers of the regiment of Royal Deux Ponts to the ladies of Newport.

On the 6th of March, Gen. Washington arrived at Newport, on a visit to Gen. Rochambeau. He was received at the ferry on Conanicut by the barge of the French Admiral and conducted on board his ship, where he was met on board by Gen. Rochambeau and other officers of the army and fleet. On landing on the Long Wharf the whole of the French garrison were under arms and formed in two lines, through which he was escorted to the headquarters of Gen. Rochambeau in Clarke street.

In the evening the town and the fleet in the harbor were beautifully illuminated.

On the 13th of March Gen. Washington and Maj. Gen. Howe, who had accompanied him, with their respective suites, set on their return to headquarters, via Bristol, Warren and Providence.

The town council of Newport, having made application to Gen. Carlton, the British commander at New York, for the return of the town records, which had been taken away at the evacuation of the town; they, in December, received by a flag of truce, the books and papers with a polite letter from Gen. Carlton, expressing his sorrow for the damage they had sustained from the sinking of the transport in Hurl Gate and their having lain three years without examination.

Twenty-three years ago yesterday the Ocean House was totally destroyed by fire. For twenty-three years there have been efforts to secure a new hotel without results, and it must be admitted that Newport has been going consistently backward.

William Coffey, a local taxi driver, is at the Newport Hospital suffering from injuries received when he was struck by a passing auto in Tiverton on Sunday. Coffey was changing a tire on his machine when the passing car struck him.

Mrs. Phoebe Bradford Brown and her daughter, Miss Katherine Brown, have returned to Boston, after spending several weeks in Newport.

Mr. and Mrs. Abner L. Slocum and Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Goffe are enjoying a motor trip through the White Mountains.

Odd Assam Marriage Custom.

One of the strangest of marriage customs is that observed by some of the women of Assam. There the bride sometimes takes the initiative. She goes to fetch the bridegroom, and it is etiquette for him to hide and resist until carried off. Women of Assam are permitted to choose a temporary husband, and when tired of him, pay him off and take another.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF LAKE ERIE

Fought and Won 108 Years Ago
Today by Rhode Island Men Under a Rhode Island Commander—
Mostly All from Newport

One hundred and eight years ago today occurred the memorable Battle of Lake Erie, in which a Newport boy, the leader of Rhode Island men, won immortal fame and added a nation to Uncle Sam's domain. The story of this wonderful battle has been often told, but it will bear repeating. Every schoolboy and every schoolgirl in the land should know it by heart. Let that veteran newspaper man and friend of humanity, Col. Henry Waterson of Kentucky, tell the story again. Next to Rhode Island, Kentucky had the most men in that victorious fleet under Perry:

Next after John Paul Jones stands Oliver Hazard Perry. Jones brought the American Revolution home to England. Perry drove England back behind the barricades of her New France. The fight off Scarborough Head in the North Sea told the world that if England was the mistress of the sea, America was master. The fight off Put-in-Bay rescued the territory conquered by George Rogers Clark and wiped out the disgrace of Hull's surrender. Jones laid the cloth for the French alliance. Perry cleared the way for Harrison's advance and shortened the distance between Bladensburg and the Treaty of Ghent. But, above all, it was Perry, like Jones, who gave the world assurance of a man, of an American and of America, the resistless, the unconquerable; of the flag, the glorious, the wonder-breeding; of the Union, the imperishable. Over every frontispiece from the Aurora Borealis to the Southern Cross, over every temple of liberty and trade, over every arena of manly prowess and productive achievement, blazing in letters of living light, as Webster would have said, "gains forever the letters that spell the words, 'We have met the enemy and they are ours.'"

It was a marvelous battle, a nautical victory. The story reads like a page out of the impossible. Truly is there a destiny that governs the world and rules in the lives of men. The young subaltern, rustic and fretful in the Rhode Island seaport; the longed-for call to action and the instant answer of the minute men; the sudden apparition of a fleet in the harbor of Erie as though some wizard hand had touched the forest and commanded its trees of oak and ash to rise and sail the deep; the thunder of the guns carrying Freedom's message of defiance; the havoc, the repulse, the running of the gauntlet of fire and blood from ship to ship. Let me read you the brief, immortal story. I take it from the graphic narrative of John Clark Ridpath.

The Lawrence, Perry's flagship, began to suffer dreadfully under the concentrated fire of the enemy. First one gun and then another was disabled. The masts were broken. The rigging of the vessel was rent away. The sails were torn to shreds. Soon she yielded no longer to the wind, but lay helpless on the water. On the deck death held carnival. The American sailors lay dead and dying on every hand. During the two hours that Perry faced his antagonist his own men were reduced to a handful. Entering the action the Lawrence had a crew of officers and men numbering a hundred and three. Of these but 24 stood in the afternoon, eighty-three were either dead or wounded. Still Perry held out. Others fell around him until only the commander and thirteen others were left unharmed.

Meanwhile all the ships had become engaged—but the Niagara only at long range and ineffectively. Evident the captain of that vessel, perceiving that resistance from the Lawrence had ceased, now sailed ahead, believing that Perry had fallen and that the command had devolved upon himself. It was at this juncture that Perry resolved upon that famous exploit which has made his name immortal. He pulled down his battle flag, but left the stars and stripes still waving. Then, with his brother Alexander and four of his remaining seamen, he lowered himself into the boat. He hung his pennant and battle flag over his arm, and around his body, stepped into the boat, stood upright and ordered the men to pull for the Niagara.

The vessel was more than a half-mile distant. It required the oarsmen fully fifteen minutes to make the passage. The boat had to pass in full exposure to the enemy's guns. The British at once perceived what was doing. An smoke cleared from around the hull of the Lawrence they saw the daring act of the commander transferring his command from ship to ship. His own vessel was shattered to death; but there was the Niagara, hale and strong. Should he succeed in making her deck, the battle would be to fight over the water or defeat was turning on the issue.

The British guns opened on the little boat. Discharge after discharge followed. Some of the shot struck the boat and the splinters flew; but the men were unhurt. Perry continued to stand up as a target until the faithful seamen refused to pull unless he would lie down in a position of greater safety. The shot from the enemy's guns knocked the water into spray around them, but the boat reached the Niagara in safety, and Perry was taken up. A moment more and his battle flag was flying above the unhurt ship!

Many every schoolboy and every schoolgirl in the land read the rest of it; how, his foot upon the deck of the Niagara, his battle flag again flying at the fore, Perry swooped like a hurricane down upon the enemy's line; cut the British fleet in two, right in the middle, three vessels on the right, three upon the left; broadside after broadside on either hand; death and destruction in his resistless wake. Thirty minutes and all is over. The brave English commander, Barclay, braved combat. His second in command, Finnis, killed outright. Human nature could hold out no longer. Down comes the British flag. We heard met the enemy and they were ours, "two ships, two brigs, one schooner and one sloop," said Perry in his report to Harrison, written upon the back of an old letter, his hat for a desk.

The victor did not in the elation of his triumph forget the situation around him. He caused himself to be transferred from the still unhurt Niagara back to the bloody deck of the Lawrence. There, and not in some other place, would he receive the surrender of the enemy. The British officers as they came up to present their swords had to pick their way through dead and dying, slipping in pools of blood as they came. Perry bade his antagonists retain their swords, his the chivalry of one to whom the fortunes of war had given the power, but not the right, to humiliate a fallen foe.

In the silence of the following night the dead sailors, British and American, were consigned to their last rest in the clear waters of Lake Erie. The next day Perry brought back to Put-in-Bay his own and the captured fleet. Sailing into the harbor, the dead officers of both commands were buried on the shore. The losses had been very great. On the

American side twenty-seven were killed and ninety-six wounded—this out of a force of but little over four hundred effective men. The loss of the British was forty-one killed and ninety-four wounded, the gallant Captain Barclay, who had already lost an arm, having the misfortune to lose the other.

Great was the fame of the battle and of him who won it. It was the first time in history that an entire British fleet, large or small, had been taken in any open, equal conflict. Lake Erie was cleared. The way for Harrison and his braves, for Shelby and his hunting shirts, was opened, and forever and ever the Great Northwest, rid of invaders, was redeemed.

Ridpath in the story of the passage of Perry from the wrecked Lawrence to the Niagara makes the same mistake that many other early historians made and which the artist himself, who painted the scene, likewise made. The artist and the historian put the younger brother, Alexander, in the boat with the Commodore and also pictures the Commodore standing. No seafaring man will believe a man so used to the water as was Perry was standing in the frail bark while passing from the Lawrence to the Niagara. As to the statement that the young brother was with him, here is what Dr. Usher Parsons, long a distinguished physician in the city of Providence, who was Perry's fleet surgeon, and the last surviving officer of the fleet, has to say on the subject. Dr. Parsons remained on the Lawrence during the entire battle. He says:

About four o'clock, a boat was discovered approaching the Lawrence. Soon the Commodore was recognized in her, who was returning to resume the command of his tattered ship, determined that the remnant of her crew should have the privilege of witnessing the formal surrender of the British officers. It was a time of conflicting emotions when he stepped upon the deck. The battle was won, and he was safe, but the deck was slippery with blood, and strewn with the bodies of twenty officers and men, some of whom sat at table with us at our last meal, and the ship resounded with the groans of the wounded. Those of us who were spared and able to walk, met at the gangway to welcome him on board, but the salutation was a silent one on both sides—a grasp of the hand—our hearts were too full for speech—not a word could find utterance.

Perry walked aft, where his first remark was addressed to his intimate friend, Hambleton, then lying wounded on the deck. "The prayers of my wife," said he, "have prevailed in saving me." Then casting his eyes about, he inquired—"Where is my brother?" This brother was a young midshipman of thirteen years. He had during the battle acted as aide, running with orders to different parts of the ship; for you must know that in the din and uproar of battle, orders can hardly be heard at three feet distance. We made a general stir to look him up, not without fears that he had been knocked overboard. But he was soon found in his berth, asleep, exhausted by the exercise and excitement of the day.

PORTSMOUTH

Mr. and Mrs. J. Frank Chase have had as guests Mr. and Mrs. De Bain of Somerset.

The public schools opened on Tuesday with only a few changes in teachers. Mrs. Lucy M. Phinney, who taught at the Quaker Hill school, has resigned and retired, after many years' service.

The G. T. Club met on Wednesday evening instead of the usual Monday evening with Mrs. James Martin.

The parish house committee and a number of others who are interested met at St. Mary's rectory on Tuesday evening. Mr. George Ward, the architect, submitted plans of the proposed parish house, which were discussed at length. Mr. Karl G. Anthony, chairman of the committee, is to see that the plans are submitted to each member of the parish.

Mr. George Burnside Anthony, who was accidentally killed at the Newport Beach, recently was the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Asa B. Anthony of "Willowbrook," West Main road. He spent his early life in this town. The internment was in the family lot at the Portsmouth Cemetery. The floral tributes were numerous and beautiful. He is survived by two daughters, Leonette, Allen, and a son of Newport, and two brothers, Messrs. David B. and Henry Frank Anthony, both of this town.

Mr. Lawrence F. Fish, who died recently at his home on East Main road, had been in feeble health for two years, although only confined to his bed a few days. He was born in this town on April 14, 1836, and married in his young manhood Miss Frances Faulkner, who died a number of years ago. To them were born four children, all of whom survive—Miss Isabelle F. Fish, who has kept house for her father since the death of her mother; William H. Fish, Arthur L. Fish of Watertown, Mass., and Mrs. Alfred J. Mott. He is also survived by two grand children—Mr. Stanley Mott and Miss Ruth Mott, and three sisters, Mrs. Ella Brownell, Mrs. Fannie Southwick and Mrs. Harriett Chevers, and a brother, Mr. Charles Fish.

The funeral was held on Sunday from his late home on the East Main road. The services were conducted by Rev. Charles J. Harriman, rector of St. Paul's Church. The internment was in the Portsmouth Cemetery beside the grave of his wife.

Mrs. Gray, wife of Captain Walter S. Gray, died at her home on Childs street on Wednesday morning. She is survived by several sons, among them being Messrs. Isaac Gray of this town, Everett Gray of Newport and Charles Gray of Little Compton, and a daughter, Mrs. Lottie Soule, and several grandchildren. Mrs. Gray had been in poor health for a number of years.

Mr. George A. Carter is seriously ill at his home on Wapping road.

Mr. Chester A. Carr, who recently built the foundation for a house, has removed the barn which he purchased from the Herbert Chase place, and has it in position on the foundation. It will be made over into a dwelling. Mr. Walter Dyer was the contractor who moved the building.

ABBE SELLS QUAIN MOTOR TO AID POOR

Paris Derides Venerable Automobile, but Relic Goes at Limousine Price.

Paris saw what is asserted to be the oldest motor car the other day when this vehicle, known as L'Ancestre, passed slowly and noisily by the Arc de Triomphe and down the Champs Elysees, recalling the early 60's when the first automobile rattled, puffed and stank along the same avenue. The old car looked odd beside the limousines in the boulevards and the curiosity of the crowds was unfed with amusement as they watched the veteran being oiled up and started. Once it got under way it moved along with a certain stately grotesqueness that reminded one a bit of the forlorn ambulations of that quaint old man in Holmes' "The Last Leaf."

But the wonder of L'Ancestre is not so much that it still exists but that it has done useful service from the time of its birth 294 years ago to the present day. The old automobile belongs to the Abbe Gavols, a white-haired priest of Remeneville in the department of the Seine, who has used it for many years in going about to visit his parishioners and attending to his many duties.

On its wooden wheels without tires the car bore the venerable priest from house to house at a speed never greater than six miles an hour, but to the many offers from would-be purchasers the abbe shook his head, declaring that L'Ancestre, like himself, was still able to do its bit in a modest way.

But finally the sight of so much suffering among the poor gave an idea to the old abbe. When there are so many who have nothing why should he ride about in an automobile? With a little sacrifice he could do much good. So he has decided finally to sell L'Ancestre, so that he can use the proceeds to aid the poor. And when he was told that the relic would bring probably as much as the price of a new modern automobile the abbe appeared tremendously pleased. The thought of being able to do so much good will make it quite easy hereafter for him to walk from house to house in his parish.

NOTED POLISH PATRIOT NOW AN ALMOND GROWER



All the world knows Paderewski, greatest of pianists, composer and statesman. To history belongs that glorious epic of Paderewski, the musician, transformed into Paderewski, the statesman, most vital of the forces that restored independence to his beloved Poland. But you do not know Paderewski unless it has been your good fortune to observe him in rapt contemplation of the mysteries of the growth of young almond trees. Paderewski is now an almond grower in California and takes a keen interest in everything pertaining to that industry.

Swallowed Cigaret Holder.

Loo Yu Lee, a Chinese boy of ten, was taken to the Shanghai hospital, a few weeks ago after "swallowing" a cigaret holder 2½ inches long, ¾ inches in diameter at the wider end and ¼ inch at the lower end, with a fluen band ¼ inch in diameter. Examination showed that this object had lodged in his windpipe and that all his breathing was being done through it. An effort to get hold of the cigaret holder with forceps and pull it out failed, so the surgeon opened the boy's throat, got hold of the lower end and withdrew it that way.

Give the Boy a Chance.

"What have you named your baby, Rastus?"
"Sam Pro Tem Johnson, sah."
"What's the Pro Tem for?"
"To show that the name is only temporary, sah. We kinder thought Sam might like to choose his own name when he grooved up, so we put in de Pro Tem as a warning to de public."—Edinburgh Scotsman.

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Steamers leave Long Wharf Daily
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EVERY DAY One Hundred People are doing this and they GET RESULTS

CIRCULATION	TELEPHONE 17, OR MAIL YOUR WANTS—BILL WILL BE SENT	For Sale To Let Help Wanted Situations Gen al Lost and Found
OVER 6400 DAILY	PRICE 25 WORDS 25 CENTS FOR FIRST INSERTION, 10 CENTS FOR REPEATS	

No. 102
Reserve District No. 1
REPORT

Of the condition of the NEWPORT NATIONAL BANK at Newport, R. I., at the close of business April 28, 1921.

RESOURCES	DOLLARS
Loans and discounts including red accounts	30,519 10
Overdrafts unsecured	148 11
U. S. Government securities owned:	
Deposited to secure circulation (U. S. bonds par value)	110,000 00
All other U. S. Government securities	57,888 71
Total U. S. government securities	167,888 71
Other bonds, stocks, securities	10,533 29
Banking house, furniture and fixtures	10,533 00
Cash items	16,200 06
Legal reserve with Federal Reserve Bank	33,331 17
Net amount due from National banks	20,628 01
Exchange for clearing house	6,032 01
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasury and due from U. S. Treasurer	8,800 00
Total	\$741,656 50
LIABILITIES	DOLLARS
Capital stock paid in	\$12,000 00
Surplus fund	50,000 00
Undivided profits	28,843 27
Less current expenses	10,000 00
Interest and taxes paid	6,451 40
Circulating notes outstanding	100,000 00
Certified checks outstanding	7,137 31
Checks on cash on hand bank outstanding	41 41
Individual deposits subject to check	419,738 30
Certified deposits due in less than 30 days (other than for money borrowed)	31,187 38
Dividends unpaid	35 50
Other payable other than with Federal Reserve Bank including all obligations representing money borrowed other than red accounts	10,000 00
Total	\$741,656 50

State of Rhode Island, County of Newport, ss.
I, Henry C. Stevens, Jr., Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

H. C. STEVENS, JR., Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 6th day of May, 1921.

WILLIAM STEVENS,
Notary Public.
Correct—Attest:
WILLIAM STEVENS,
Notary Public.
BRADFORD NORMAN,
Director.

Probate Court of the City of Newport
August 25th, 1921.
PETITION of Marion L. Lachoss, for adoption of WILLIAM CHARON and for change of name.
A petition in writing in the words following, viz:—
To the Honorable the Probate Court of the City of Newport,
Respectfully represents Marion Lachoss of Tupper Lake, New York, the State of New York, that she is desirous of adopting WILLIAM CHARON, a male child of Clifford Charon of Tupper Lake, Conn., and Albertine Charon (now dead) his wife; which said child was born on the 15th day of June 1904.

That your petitioner is an Aunt of William Charon.
Therefore she prays for leave to adopt said child, and that his name may be changed to that of WILLIAM LACHOSS, MARION LACHOSS.

Is this day presented to this Court, and the same is received and referred to the Seventeenth day of October A. D. 1921, at ten o'clock P. M., of the Probate Court room in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that a copy of said petition, with a copy of this order to publish the same, be published for three successive weeks in the Newport Mercury the last publication to be at least four weeks before said Seventeenth day of October A. D. 1921.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD,
Clerk.

9-3.10.17

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE

Newport, September 3rd, 1921.
THE UNDERSIGNED, Executor of the Last Will and Testament of ELLEN OSBORNE, late of the City of Newport, deceased, who will has been admitted to probate by the Probate Court of the City of Newport, hereby gives notice that he has accepted said trust and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

9-3.10.17 OLIVER DEWICK.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE

Newport, September 3rd, 1921.
THE UNDERSIGNED, Executor of the Last Will and Testament of DANIEL HURLEY, late of the City of Newport, deceased, who will has been admitted to probate by the Probate Court of the City of Newport, hereby gives notice that he has accepted said trust and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

9-3.10.17 FRANK F. NOLAN.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE

Newport, September 3rd, 1921.
THE UNDERSIGNED, Executor of the Last Will and Testament of JOHN T. MARTIN, late of the City of Newport, deceased, who will has been admitted to probate by the Probate Court of the City of Newport, hereby gives notice that he has accepted said trust and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

9-3.10.17 MARY C. MARTIN.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE

Newport, September 3rd, 1921.
THE UNDERSIGNED, Executor of the Last Will and Testament of CLARA LOUISE SWASEY, late of the City of Newport, deceased, who will has been admitted to probate by the Probate Court of the City of Newport, hereby gives notice that he has accepted said trust and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

9-3.10.17 CORNELIUS BATEMAN SWASEY.

Probate Court of the City of Newport
August 25th, 1921.

Estates of Catherine Harrington, Mary Harrington, Margaret Harrington and Michael Harrington.
PETITION in writing is made by Mary Harrington of said Newport, requesting that Daniel Dwyer of said Newport or some other suitable person may be appointed guardian of the estates of Catherine Harrington, Mary Harrington, Margaret Harrington and Michael Harrington late of said Newport, deceased, and said petition is received and referred to the Twelfth day of September next at 10 o'clock A. M., at the Probate Court Room in said Newport, for consideration, and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

9-3.10.17 DUNCAN A. HAZARD,
Clerk.

NEWPORT AND PROVIDENCE RAILWAY COMPANY

Cars Leave Washington Square
for Providence

Week Days—7:35, 8:50 and
each hour to 4:50

Sundays—8:50 and each
hour to 7:30



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outing footwear appropriate to
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